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PICTORIAL REVIEW

MAY, 1902
VOL. III. NO. 8

PUBLISHERS
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853 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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This machine makes French Accordion, American Accordion, Pineapple, Side or Knife and Box Plaits. It works much faster than the old-fashioned accordion plaiter. It is offered to the public as the result of long and expensive experiment, the aim of the manufacturer being to produce a machine that would combine simplicity and cheapness with capacity for doing all the different varieties of plaiting rapidly and neatly.

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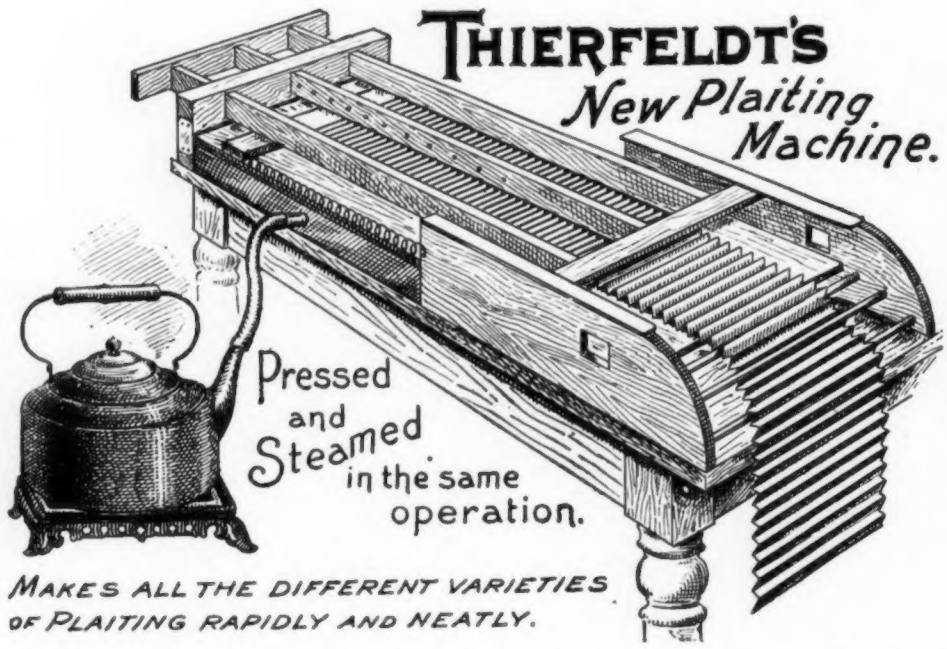

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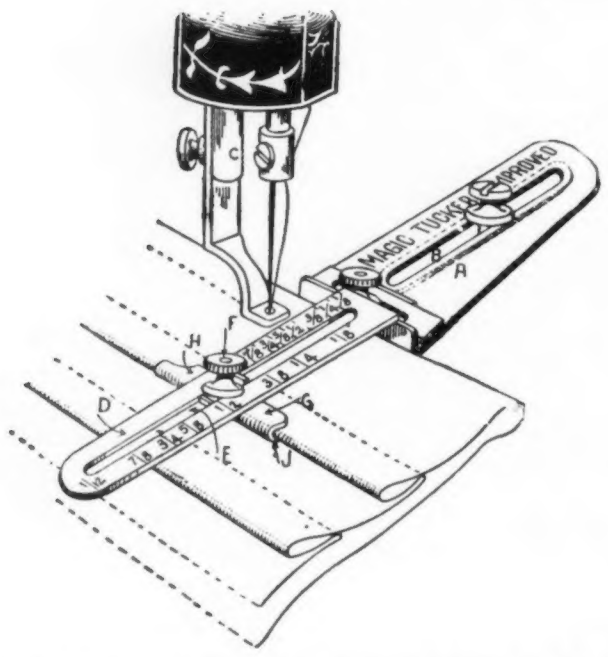

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SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.

NEW YORK.

AS the season advances the preference for mixed and fancy suitings becomes more and more distinct and the smooth materials seem pushed more and more to the background. The reason for this may perhaps be found in the fact that the mixed suitings, though undeniably heavy and coarse in appearance, are in reality lighter and cooler than many of the more compact and closer weaves, which are apparently thinner in texture. The homespun effects and Scotch suitings seem at present to be in the lead, followed by small checks and covert cloths. Indistinct medlies of several colors in the shape of small dots and in infinitesimal checks on a light tan or biscuit ground are extensively used for the more severe styles, in conjunction with plain cloth in the way of trimming. The plain, smooth cloths are, however, not entirely excluded and are preferred by some of our best-dressed women. The double-faced linen will undoubtedly arrive at the height of popularity during the latter part of the season, and will be employed to evolve some very fetching gowns. Very little trimming is required on them as the reverse side of the linen will answer admirably for this purpose.

On the whole, the general tendency toward plainer effects is very welcome after the last few seasons of elaborate tailor-mades, when the elegance and quality of the material was augmented by rich and costly garniture in the shape of embroidery, lace and appliqué of various kinds. Of course, appliqué still remains a favorite mode of trimming, but the idea has been simplified.

* * *

A wide latitude is given the skirts, although the fundamental principle flaring at the hem—is still adhered to. This effect is gained in different ways, either with curved seams or with a flounce and is sometimes still further increased with clusters of tucks, or with inset small panels of contrasting material and color near the bottom. It stands to reason that the heavy goods like homespun, tweeds and mixed effects in general will make up much more satisfactorily in a plain, gored skirt. From present indications panel fronts will be employed to some extent; they are very narrow, however, hardly more than inset bands tapering to a very slender point, and in other skirts the idea of an ornamentation takes the shape of clusters of tucks directly in front. Inverted wide tucks, or tucks with the edges facing each other are also very popular.

One of the latest novelties in the line of trimmings consists of leather, either white suede or glacé kid, the former plain, the latter pressed or perforated in a small inconspicuous pattern. This trimming takes the form of shaped pieces or of straps. A very attractive way of employing it is the following: The front edges of the jacket are trimmed with tri-angular pieces of graduated size, while on the skirt they are of uniform size, framed with several rows of white silk stitching. The cuffs are also of leather. At present leather decoration is used only on rough-surfaced materials and on those of a close, heavy weave like basket cloth. A recently imported gown of the latter material, in a beautiful shade of dark-blue, was made with a blouse jacket entirely strapped with bands of tan glacé kid perforated in a small diamond pattern, the only part not covered being the sleeves, which were quite novel in effect and decidedly dressy in comparison with the rather severe leather trimming. The upper part was fitted, widening out into a very ample bell just an inch or two below the elbow, and from there to the wrist was a large white satin puff covered with chiffon and gathered into a narrow cuff. The skirt was decidedly close-fitting as far as the knees and flared from there to the hem in rich and graceful folds. This part was trimmed with straps about eight inches apart and between these were diamond-shaped pieces perforated in diamond pattern—all of leather. The combination of dark-blue and tan is particularly effective and rich and will no doubt be seen in many instances during the season.

* * *

Braid and passementerie effects are used extensively as trimming in the way of bands and as an outline for graduated flounces. Another trimming that serves to enhance the modern tailor gown takes the form of silk stitching ending in arrow-heads and appears on skirts as well as on collars and cuffs. The idea of combining braids of two colors, for instance, a light and a dark, is also a novel and attractive one. Strap trimming is used to some extent. On the other hand buttons are enjoying an almost unprecedented vogue, large and small ones being used with equal preference. Velvet buttons of flat shape with a narrow rim are employed in close rows.

Another feature of trimming is an embroidery on both black and white taffeta, which is cut out in different designs on one edge and embroidered by machine in imitation of handwork. White on black and black on white are the preferred combinations. The bands are not wide and the embroidery is around the edges with some very small pattern scattered through the center, but this does not conceal the silk at all. Bands of this kind make a very pretty finish for the top of a circular flounce and for the front edges of boleros, etc.

* * *

Boleros and Etons cut without collars seem to be the rule for the season's gown. In others again there is a flat, collar-shaped trimming, sometimes of light cloth, decorated with braid, silk stitching, and arrow-heads and edged with a narrow fold of velvet. The same idea is carried out in the cuffs. Another kind of collar is the sailor effect, which has the added advantage of being youthful and chic, and is quite attractive if made of contrasting materials and color. Light cloth and even batiste may be employed with good results.

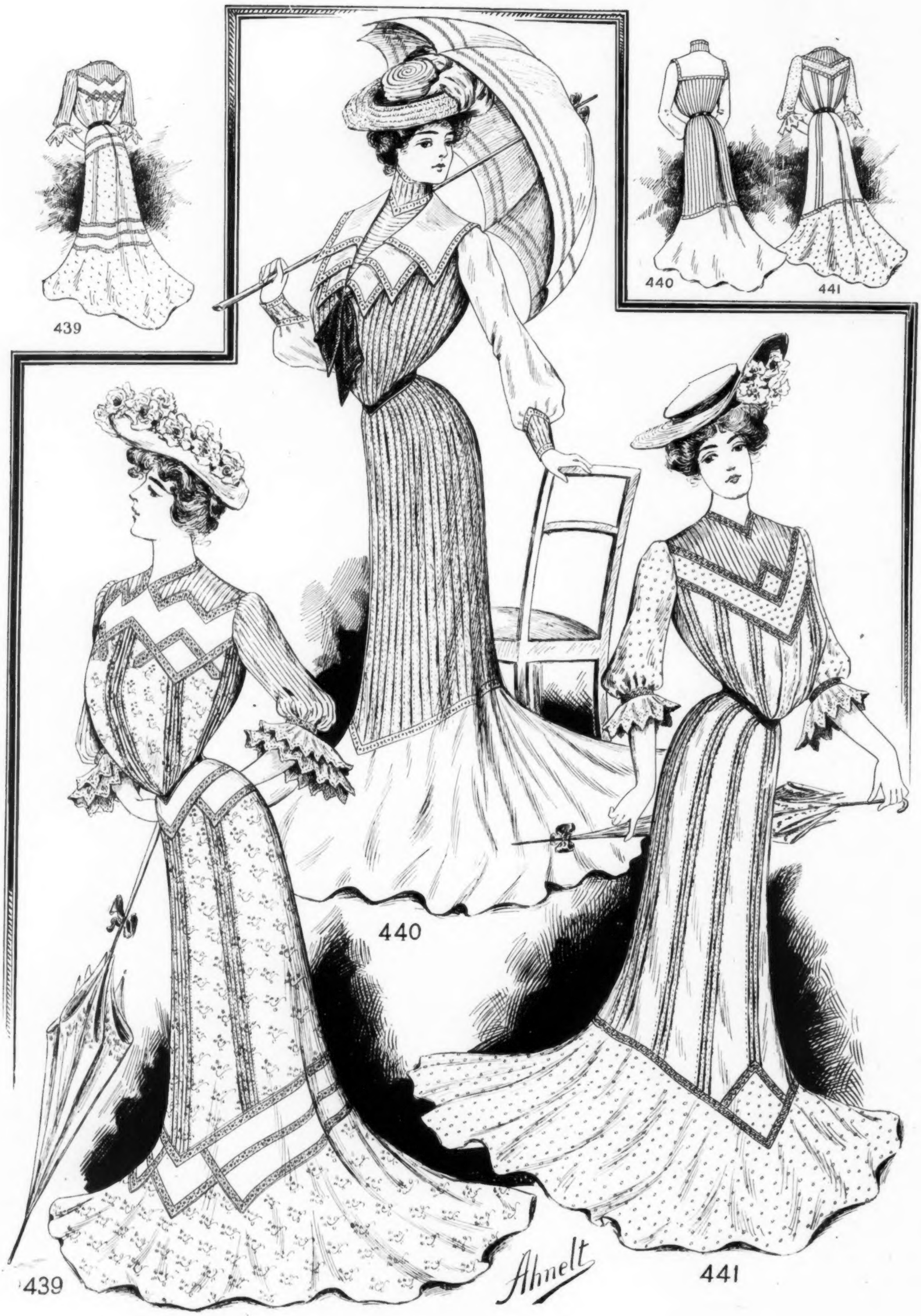
* * *

For the facing of revers embroidered linon is decidedly chic and smart, besides giving a summery touch to the cloth gown.

In sleeves there is almost as much or rather as wide latitude as there is in skirts, the double sleeve, the bell sleeve and the modified bishop sleeve all finding adherents, besides these there is the coat sleeve used for the strictly severe styles such as are depicted in Figs. 1014 and 1015. Quite a pretty sleeve is just wide enough to form a few folds where it is gathered into the cuff, and the latter, which is slightly bell-shaped, turns up on the inside to show the facing, giving quite an odd and attractive effect. Still another kind of sleeve shows a flare or bell at the wrist, not too pronounced, but just enough to add attractiveness. The double sleeve is quite smart, consisting of an upper sleeve of cloth with a modified flare falling over a fitted undersleeve, which in many cases is made of wash material like piqué.

Blouse vests of piqué, double breasted, are worn with some of the boleros and Etons, and afford a welcome change from the shirt waist.

A decidedly new and very artistic style is found in the Gibson effect which is gained by wide tucks that extend over the shoulder, considerably widening their appearance, and very much enhancing the figure of the average woman; in addition to this the tucks form a slanting line toward the waist with the result of apparently decreasing its circumference. Not infrequently jackets showing this very attractive effect have small tab-like extensions in back and front.



SUGGESTIONS FOR SUMMER.

(Described on page 38.)

CHANGED BY JUST AN INCIDENT.

One of the saddest facts of life is that we seldom see each other as we really are. And so we misunderstand, misjudge, wound each other; blundering on our way like bears in a flower garden, all unconscious of the loveliness we may be treading under foot.—D. F. S.

THE pretty little woman was, as usual, surrounded by men, and the dancing brightness of her gray eyes showed that she was enjoying herself vastly. The gathering was a smart one, composed of gallant men and soft-voiced women. The lawns were green and velvety, the music inspiring, the ices and champagne-cup all that could be desired. There was nothing to grumble at in the entertainment, so the guests were forced to criticise each other according to a necessity well recognized in our Christian era: the necessity of fault-finding and back-biting. Nothing is more richly enjoyed than a mordant witticism on a neighbor's general defects, no music more sweet to the average ear than an acrid disparagement of a fellow-creature.

Mrs. Ruthven was quite a godsend in this respect, providing a broad target for gall-tipped arrows. She had won for herself, by a reckless disregard of convention, the reputation of being the most outrageous flirt in Southville, if no worse, and her doings were commented upon with a savage relish to be found only in so-called civilized society. She would have been cut by the strict guardians of propriety had it not been for her delightful little dinners, and the fact that she was the cousin of one of the largest trust magnates, whose wife visited her once or twice a year. It was instinctively felt that there would be something profane in ostracizing a person of such connections, so the "best people" countenanced her acquaintance and vented their spleen in defaming her character.

One of the bitterest of Amy Ruthven's undervaluers was Miss Elise Carteret, a lady some years older, of flawless behavior and the highest moral standards. She was not a spiteful woman by nature, but unfortunately some dear friend had told her Mrs. Ruthven always called her Eliza Jane behind her back (the names by which she had, to her infinite disgust, been christened), and this infuriated her. She never lost an opportunity of reviling the little coquette, and as she possessed the gift of sharp speech, her observations proved very amusing to those who enjoyed nothing so much as a feast of slander.

"It is quite sad," she remarked to Captain Grasser, who sat beside her under the trees watching the strolling crowd, "to see how poor Mrs. Ruthven takes her husband's absence to heart. One can tell from her hysterical laughter how she is fretting."

The young man who was longing to escape and gain the ear of the disconsolate grass widow in question, laughed, somewhat constrainedly.

"I hear," his companion went on, "that she had another diamond bangle arrive yesterday. What a devoted husband he must be He is always sending her presents, *or so she says!*"

"Very nice for her, isn't it?" said Captain Grasser, in far-away tones. He was wondering what a woman might like better than a diamond bangle.

"It is astonishing how fond some people are of adorning their persons!" continued Miss Carteret, with a look of sublime contempt. "The irresistible attraction which jewels seem to exert over certain natures is always inexplicable to me. It is so vulgar!"

"Oh, I suppose ladies like to wear their jewels as trophies of conquest," responded the young man carelessly.

"We are not all dominated by barbarous customs and habits, thank goodness!" she exclaimed; "and married ladies who value their reputations do not generally boast of conquests."

She had not the right kind of audience for her sprightly sarcasm, which degenerated rapidly and fell flat in the dull atmosphere of unappreciation. At this moment, however, just as she had prepared her rapier for another thrust, while her cavalier sat silently meditating flight, the object of her scorn approached, attended by two admirers who looked down upon her with frankly, admiring eyes.

"How do you do, Miss Carteret! Have you found a cool spot? Is it not a delightful party? And how goes the bicycle?" she rattled, a piquant, teasing smile on her red lips.

The swift color mounted to Elise Carteret's thin cheeks, already tinted with carmine. Her bicycling was a delicate subject; she knew that she did not cut a graceful figure on the machine; that she was stiff and ungainly and rather afraid of breaking her mature bones. She was also well aware that Mrs. Ruthven thought her too old to ride, for she had heard her say with an airy laugh, one day when she, Elise, struggled by on her wheel: "Ah, that I were a giddy girl again!" The remark had rankled painfully; it was as searing as "Eliza Jane." Her bitterness mounted in a flood, rendering her speechless for a moment, and giving Mrs. Ruthven an opportunity to pass on without hearing any retort. But the latter was too much diverted by the elderly maiden's obvious discomfiture to resist a further thrust, more, it should be mentioned, in jest than in malice.

"You ought to wear the rational and approved dress; it would suit you admirably and must be so easy to ride in," here she exchanged a laughing glance with Captain Grasser. "I commend it to you my dear Miss Carteret; now do think over my advice."

"Your advice must, of course, be *most* valuable," returned Elise, purple with rage and hardly able to command her voice, which sounded deep and tremulous; "but I think the rational dress would suit *you* better. It hardly becomes women who have any self-respect."

The barb sped well. She had the acute satisfaction of seeing her enemy blanch, and she drew a long breath of trembling triumph. Mrs. Ruthven laughed, a little artificially, said: "Oh, thanks!" and walked on. When out of hearing, she observed to her cavaliers:

"I am glad I'm not a vinegar cruet! Didn't Captain Grasser look deliriously happy!"

"Poor devil!" said one of the men smiling. He noticed a deepened pink in the fresh unveiled face beside him.

"She must be fifty if she's a day," continued Amy, contemptuously; "but I suppose she thinks her fable of thirty-five is believed. She dresses like twenty-five, and it is so foolish, because nothing makes one look older than to dress girlishly. The bicycle is merely another argument for youth, but it convinces no one and only makes her look her very worst. Oh, dear! Why didn't somebody marry her when she was young!"

"I should think she has always been too superior to marry," was the reply; and Amy Ruthven added, with an odd, unmirthful laugh:

"Perhaps she has too much self-respect."

She bit her lips at the last word to counteract a sudden smarting of her eyes. For, strange as it may appear, this little flirting woman had no idea she was a black sheep. She knew people talked about her, but laid it all to envy, and the need for gossip; it never occurred to her that her conduct could be taken as serious impropriety. She had a standard—oh, certainly! she had a standard, and if it were not so high as that boasted by the other ladies of her acquaintance, Miss Carteret's for example, she was, at least, faithful to it. According to her notions there was no harm in having a number of pleasant masculine friends, especially as she felt herself quite capable of keeping them all poised on that slim bridge of sentiment which lies over the gulf between passion and cool amity. The thought of being ranked as a woman who did not respect herself, the shame of being told so before three of the men from whom she received homage, hurt her more sorely than any one would have imagined. So sorely, indeed, that it spoilt her pleasure for the rest of the afternoon, although she had presently the gratification of seeing Miss Carteret deserted by Captain Grasser, who came over to her side with every mark of delight and relief.

DAINTY EFFECTS IN SILK WAISTS.

(Described on page 38.)

That evening as she sat alone in her eminently respectable and refined home, Elise Carteret felt very uncomfortable. The memory of her passage at arms with Mrs. Ruthven gave her no peace, for she had a singularly sensitive conscience and could not bear to think of herself as a malicious woman. Her thrust at her enemy had been, she realized, a bloodthirsty one, and she knew how the poison had worked by remembrance of a certain expression on the little flirt's face and the false ring of her laugh. Elise did not upbraid herself (we seldom do for any unkind thing said to a fellow-creature), in fact, she argued that the stab had been justifiable, given in self-defense; nevertheless there was an ache somewhere at the back of her reasoning where remorse is known to lurk. After dinner she wrote some letters and read by fits and starts, but nothing seemed to please her. She decided to go to bed early, yet eleven o'clock found her still up, wandering restlessly about her drawing-room, and it was nearly twelve when she started to see that her house was properly locked up for the night, as she always did before retiring.

She had begun to bolt up the front door, when a sudden impulse seized her and she opened it instead. The night was hot, and the thought of a breath of fresh air tempted her. The small front garden lay bathed in moonlight, very sweet with scent of rose and mignonette. She strolled to the gate and looked across the deserted road.

Now, by the irony of fate, it happened that Mrs. Ruthven and Miss Carteret occupied adjoining houses divided only by a low hedge. There had been no neighborly intimacy between them, and Elise had never been invited to any of Amy's charming little dinner parties or musical evenings; but they called on each other's At Home days, and were upon coldly civil terms. Miss Carteret would have been horrified had any one accused her of watching her neighbor; yet she knew exactly how many times in a week certain gentlemen called upon Mrs. Ruthven and how late they stayed in the evening. She was intensely interested in all the doings of the young wife, who was to her at once a page of thrilling romance and a constant sting to the spirit; so that her lively curiosity may well be imagined on this particular occasion, when, standing bareheaded in the shade of her laburnums, she saw Mrs. Ruthven's door open and the lady herself run down to her garden gate with precipitous haste, there to gaze anxiously up and down the road.

"Whom is she expecting?" Elise asked herself, strung up to a condition of shivering excitement and filled with vague suspicions of wickedness, so intoxicating to the soul of the conventional woman. She moved further into the shadow of the laburnums and watched eagerly, as a cat watches a mouse, feeling certain she would presently see a man appear and go into the house with her flighty neighbor. Would it be Captain Grasser, or Major Cartrick, or—— She was interrupted in her mental interrogations by a rustle of skirts, as Amy Ruthven ran back to the house again, leaving her front door open.

The affair became more and more engrossing. Elise Carteret continued her speculations, and her thoughts were such as one would scarcely expect to discover in the mind of a really charitable lady. She had finally decided that Mrs. Ruthven was no better than she should be, and that in future she must be cut altogether, when the little woman ran out again, and looked once more anxiously up and down the road. Elise caught a glimpse through the bushes of a white figure, with as white a face, and then—to her amazement and horror—she heard the sound of a deep-drawn sob.

In an instant all vindictive feeling died out of the older woman's heart, and something else took its place. There was no misinterpreting that sob; it came right up from the depths of pain, and could have been caused by no ordinary distress. In fear was mingled with anguish, and the suddenness of its outburst indicated it had been suppressed by a great effort for a long time. No one could have heard it without compassion.

"She is breaking her heart over some man — not her husband," thought Elise, trying to steel herself against the softening influence of the weeping that reached her in the stillness. But she could not. A better instinct prevailed. She opened her gate and went out into the road.

"Is anything the matter, Mrs. Ruthven?" she asked, not warmly, but solicitously. "I happened to be in my garden and I heard—I thought——" She could proceed no further before Amy Ruthven rushed forward and clasped her two arms in a fierce grip.

"Oh, Miss Carteret!" she cried; "I'm in such trouble, I don't know what to do. Winnie has convulsions—she is dreadfully ill and I am frightened to death! But we are alone in the house with Burgess—Winnie's nurse—and she is so helpless, I dare not leave her while I fetch the doctor. Cook went for her holiday yesterday. I have a woman in by day, but there's no one to send now. I've been hoping some one might pass the gate, a policeman or—but nobody comes—and my child may be dying—dying!"

Her face was streaming with tears and so distorted by suffering that it was scarcely recognizable. She had difficulty in uttering her hasty sentences, which were broken with hysterical spasms. Elise was inexpressibly shocked and moved. She did not hesitate a moment.

"I will fetch the doctor," she said quickly; "I shall not be more than five minutes on my bicycle. Where am I to go?"

"To Dr. Marshall—but any one will do. Oh, thank you, thank you a thousand times, dear Miss Carteret."

Elise ran into her house with the vivacity of a girl of twenty, threw a cape over her semi-evening gown, put on a garden hat, took out her bicycle and rode off at her very best speed; such speed as she had never dared before. She was soon back, and without ceremony plunged, hot and panting, into Mrs. Ruthven's hall. The little woman came running down stairs to meet her.

"He will be here in a few minutes," said Elise, and then, to her astonishment, Amy Ruthven threw both arms round her neck, crying:

"Oh, you dear! you dear!"

"May I wait here," asked Elise, with tears in her voice, "till the doctor has been? I feel so anxious about poor little Winnie."

"I wish you would—it is so good to have you—some one who cares," stammered Amy, convulsively struggling with her emotion.

In a very short time the doctor arrived and went upstairs to the sick child. He was there nearly an hour, and Elise sat in Mrs. Ruthven's dainty room thinking till her heart ached with regret, and her conscience burned with compunction. At last voices and the tread of feet disturbed her painful reverie. She heard Dr. Marshall say: "No danger at all now, I assure you, Mrs. Ruthven, but I will call again in a few hours. You know exactly what to do;" and her heart grew instantly lighter, as if baby Winnie's recovery had been a matter of vital importance to her.

Amy came into the room diffusing a new atmosphere of hope and freedom from anxiety.

"All danger is over. My darling will soon be well. Dear, dear friend, I cannot thank you enough. I feel so ashamed——" and here she broke down. Elise laid her hand on the fluffy auburn hair and stroked it softly, without speaking.

"I've been so horrid to you," Amy went on, "horrid and cattish; and, now you have heaped coals of fire on my head."

"No, no," protested Elise; "it is I who have been to blame. I judged you unfairly, and today I said a cruel thing which I have regretted ever since. I thought you were simply a flirt, caring for nothing but amusement, and I was hard on you, forgetting that no human creature has a right to be hard on another. I never dreamt you loved your little child so much. It was a revelation! I wronged you and I am deeply, sincerely sorry. Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive!" cried Amy; "there is nothing to forgive; it was very natural you should say what you did, and how can I remember anything but your goodness, your invaluable help?" Then after a short pause, she continued more slowly, and in a lower tone, with some hesitation.

"You thought me simply a flirt. Well, maybe I am. Only—you don't know, it is almost impossible for you to understand what it is to miss every day, every hour, the loving attentions one has been used to receive. Can you imagine how one longs for the caresses, the strong arms to lean on, the constant sympathy and companionship—how one tries to quench the heartache with any foolish pleasure—how kindly one feels toward all men for the sake of the man who is absent? Probably you cannot realize the temptation it is to make sure one is not growing less attractive all the time he is away. No; this must seem to you absurd and childish, if not positively wrong."

"It does not," Elise replied earnestly. "Believe me, I see—I feel with you and understand perfectly. I have been grossly uncharitable in my judgments; but perhaps there is something to be said for me, too. Have you ever thought," her color rose and her breath came quickly, "what it is *never* to have known those loving attentions you speak of, those strong arms to lean on? Can you conceive how a lonely woman feels who, knowing herself capable of devoted affection, has been unable to give expression to it—who has always felt a yearning she dare not own even to herself, a longing for the love which has not come into her life? Is it surprising if such a woman becomes envious and bitter—contrary to her true nature? You have your child and the hope of seeing your husband again. I have—nothing!"

(Continued on page 29.)

SUMMER SKIRTS OF TAFFETA.

(Described on page 38.)

A STORY OF BOHEMIA.

By LOUISON LANDERS.

QUITE accidentally they met at Nice after five years had elapsed since they had last seen each other. Isabel was twenty-four and Kate twenty-two. Neither had married, and during these five years Isabel had become a noted painter. Of Kate no one had heard anything, although she had chosen an operatic career without ending her studies at the Conservatory. She was, however, clad with such costliness and elegance that Isabel did not dare inquire any further as to the origin of this magnificence. Earlier in their acquaintance when, both orphaned, they had lived next door to each other in rue Lafitte, in Paris, Kate, dependent on the meager pittance that her relatives sent her every month, and Isabel trying to make a living by the sale of her paintings and such commissions as she could get, the easy and careless manner of the gayer Kate had often jarred and wounded Isabel, whose nature was more grave and serious. The two girls presented a curious contrast, Kate shallow and superficial, Isabel quiet but deeply passionate, and of an intense depth of feeling.

The reminiscences of this Parisian bohème had resulted in a kind of new *camaraderie* between two characters so radically different.

Isabel well remembered the beautiful curves of Kate's neck and shoulders. The models she found here at Nice, with their swarthy skins, she could utilize for her pictures of people, fruit girls and so on, but they would never do for her modern Anadyomenes. Isabel finally spoke to Kate of her wish to paint her, and Kate was only too willing to accommodate her erstwhile friend.

Accordingly, one forenoon, Kate punctually arrived at the hotel, and, after a somewhat effusive greeting, Isabel prepared her beautiful model for the first sitting. After Kate had taken off the habiliments of modern toilette, Isabel seated her on a low footstool and untied the narrow ribbon that formed the strap of her chemise. The back of her head, as well as neck and shoulders, were bathed in the bright light that streamed in through the windows and formed a perfect feast for Isabel's artistic eye.

Kate, to tell the truth, was a little surprised that her friendship with the rich Western manufacturer, which it was impossible to conceal for any length of time, did not give the cool and rather proud Isabel any occasion for remarks. This friendship had been formed shortly after Kate's return to New York, and she had been clever enough to know how to hold him. Isabel, on the other hand, had never returned to her native country, but preferred the easy abandon of her *atelier* in Paris to the rather strict observances of her Methodist relatives.

After the first few sittings, and after they had lunched together a couple of times, Kate could no longer keep back the question that she was burning to ask.

That her handsome friend was courted and flattered on all sides soon became very evident to her. Mr. Epworth, her Western friend, had heard something of a wealthy Russian who had spent considerable time at Saint-Hyères, and with whose name Isabel's had been frequently coupled. Whenever Isabel appeared at the Casino she was at once surrounded with a group of admirers, her statuesque beauty, her fame and her sparkling repartee exercising a fascination of their own on all who met her.

Every morning Kate found Isabel's charming little drawing-room decorated with the most expensive flowers, sometimes baskets, sometimes dainty conceits in arrangement that the French know so well how to do, and she soon discovered that they were the gifts of Mr. George Mason, a retired merchant, very wealthy and a widower. At the table d'hôte Mr. Mason was attention itself toward the charming artist, and Kate estimated the age of this most assiduous of her friend's admirers at about fifty years. He certainly was entirely without reproach, and the elegance of his turnouts, as well as the swell suite he occupied at the hotel, were ample evidence of his wealth.

When, five years ago, they had separated in Paris, Isabel had not been supplied with an overabundance of money. Kate had written her a few times after her first engagement, but had received no answer. What she was most eager to discover just now was how her friend had extricated herself from her monetary difficulties, and whether she had accepted any pecuniary aid that had been offered her. At the time Isabel had been a daily visitor at the Louvre, copying the beautiful works of art, and was a subject of great attraction to the many gay young men who are to be found in this temple of art. There was one especially, a handsome Polish landscapist, who had predicted that Isabel would not become a true artist until a strong passion had swayed and torn her heart.

Isabel listened to all this half-concealed curiosity for some days but said nothing. Her only reply was a bitter smile, that contrasted strangely with the calm beauty of her features. But to-day —to-day she had determined to tell her friend everything. Well, it turned out that the landscapist had prophesied correctly.

"And so that was the much-talked-of great passion?" asked the dainty blonde, eager for sensational developments. "You! Now, be candid, Isabel, you were always so unapproachable. I am even yet not nearer to understanding you than I was at first. It is apparent to everyone how you are torturing that poor Mason by intentionally overlooking him."

Isabel ignored this question for further enlightenment. Or, perhaps, the explanation of her cool treatment of her admirer could be found in the following statement: "The one before was a Californian also. Our Polish friend introduced him. At first I thought it was only a Montmartre conquest, but it turned out that he was no artist."

This became a subject of such lively interest to Kate that the sitting was threatened to be very much disturbed, and Isabel had to beg her to try not to spoil her pose.

"What was his name? And what was he doing in Paris? Oh, do tell me, Isabel!"

Isabel shrugged her shoulders.

"His father was a merchant and he was studying French in Paris. And, of course, incidentally, amusing himself."

"Was he rich?" questioned Kate, after a pause.

"His father—yes. We did not need very much. We were very happy. He wanted to marry me, but when he announced this to his father he stopped the remittances."

"And then?"

"Then we found out what it means to be hungry; we had literally nothing."

The bitter pain in Isabel's voice was beyond Kate's shallow comprehension, but yet she was anxious to discover the sequel.

Isabel spoke at long intervals, her voice was low and tremulous, and she exerted her utmost to retain her usual composure. She told Kate of the many letters that had passed to and fro, of the privations they had endured, until finally the father sent his son the traveling expenses and a stern command to come home.

"And was that the final rupture?"

"He cried all night," said Isabel in very low tones, as she stopped painting and lost herself in these sorrowful recollections, "almost as much as I did. He declared that he would not go home, that they could disinherit him, do any-

A FEW FANCY WAISTS.

(Described on page 38.)

thing they liked with him, he must marry me, his honor compelled that. Finally, he decided to go home. He thought it would be more courageous to face his father than to write more letters. And I thought so, too."

Kate declared at once that she never would have suffered him to leave her, or would have insisted on accompanying him, for safety's sake.

Isabel laid her palette aside, and said in a scarcely audible voice:

"I went with him to the depot, to the train that was to carry him away from me. It was pitifully cold. The parting was bitter—very bitter."

For a while Kate remained quietly seated, and a slight shudder passed over her. It seemed, too, as if Isabel was not quite composed enough to go on with her painting.

"And after that did you live all alone in rue Lafitte?" she asked Isabel, who was sitting quite dejectedly. "Were you entirely destitute?"

"Completely," she returned, sadly. "That night I sold whatever I could spare of my clothing, and bought a canvas for a twelve-franc order. A copy of Murillo's Madonna."

"Yes, and he, did he return?"

She shook her head slowly, and said with a bitter smile:

"A heartrending letter, in which he said he must give me up—and a sum of money—that was all!"

Kate's temperament then got the best of her, and jumping up she exclaimed indignantly: "The rascal! The coward! Yes, coward!"

Isabel was not a friend of such strong expressions, and she thought there was an explanation for everything. If anyone looked at the case calmly, it would be found that there was nothing else for him to do. There had really been no choice in the matter, and they had endured the pangs of hunger and destitution just about long enough.

The money she earned was hardly sufficient for her own use, and to wait until he had accustomed himself to work, and succeeded in finding a position, was altogether out of the question.

After a long pause, Kate said:

"I would have sworn that you would have returned the money—you were always so proud."

"It was the middle of winter, and I had sold everything. The dealer for whom I was painting the copy would not advance one sou. So the money from California was still the lesser evil."

Isabel rose and lit a cigarette. She stepped to the window, and lazily blowing the smoke from her lips, she said, cynically, as she watched the throng on the promenade:

"There was no other alternative—and I was simply dropped—cast aside. Then Dimitri came."

"Dimitri, that was——" then checking herself, she added: "I heard it mentioned the other night at the Casino. Was he the Russian?"

"Yes, he was the Russian. That next summer I went to Saint-Hyères."

"And remained there until his death?"

Isabel threw away her cigarette, and leaned her head in her hand.

"Oh, I see, you are quite *au fait* in matters generally. Yes, I stayed with him until his death. He had no relatives. Neither had I. He was very conservative and aristocratic and a perfect gentleman."

"It is said that you were his heiress."

The artist said nothing in return, and Kate silently completed her toilette. She was burning to discover how Isabel would solve the rather complicated problem of her numerous admirers, and Mason's latest floral offering in which she discovered a fragrant billet-doux gave her the desired opportunity.

Isabel had herself not yet seen the letter, and was not particularly interested; she made no movement to open it.

"Don't you want to know what he writes?" queried Kate.

"Just avowals of his love," said Isabel, wearily. "What else could it be? Every day he sends up to inquire when I will receive him."

Kate laughed, a merry ripple.

"And you will not capitulate. But then you are prejudiced against California."

"I may receive him to-day," said Isabel, as a knock was heard at the door.

"And what a face you are making; one could almost be afraid of you."

Isabel's face really showed an expression of hatred, as she ejaculated:

"I want him to make himself ridiculous—ridiculous to the utmost."

Kate did not understand why Isabel should be so indignant and angry. She thought it was carrying the prejudice against California just a little too far.

Buttons, the little uniformed page, who was the general favorite of the guests, came in with a silver salver bearing Mr. Mason's card. Kate's interest was at the utmost tension. "Will you see him?"

"Yes, I think it is high time that the mask is torn from the sense of moral obligation upon which he prides himself."

"How excited you are getting." Kate took her friend's hand with a warm clasp. "Isabel, what has that man done? Do you know him?"

"Only by name."

Kate put on her hat and gloves, but paused a moment before leaving the room. She said, with some hesitation:

"I feel as something were going to happen. Has it anything to do with what you told me before?"

"Partly."

"Well, you might tell me about it! What are you going to do with him?"

"Nothing at all. Only—I think that Mr. Mason will leave Nice with the one o'clock train. And after that I shall tell you everything."

"How ridiculous! Why not now? To tell you the truth, it seemed to me from the beginning as if you were encouraging him purposely, and now that he is all afire—almost ready to be wound around your finger, if you care to—now——"

"Well, that is just what I want," interrupted Isabel, fiercely. Her hands were clenched and she tried in vain to find a word that would explain her feelings. However, her usual self-control soon came back and she added, quietly: "Then I shall very politely show him the door, Mr. Mason, Senior."

"Senior! Hm! Then there is—Isabel, you don't mean to tell me——"

Isabel nodded her head. "Mr. Mason is the worthy father of my first love."

Just then a knock was heard. Kate gracefully made her adieux, and Isabel opened the door to admit Mr. Mason. The latter returned Kate's pleasant greeting with a rather frosty bow as he entered the pretty drawing-room which also served as studio.

Mason was a man of very gentlemanly appearance, who did not show his fifty years. He, too, was evidently agitated, as, with a few very correct words, he thanked the young artist for at last receiving him. As he approached, offering his hand, Isabel stepped back and said, lightly:

"Oh, I cannot shake hands with you, I am full of paint."

"May I look at your picture?" he asked, a little disappointed by her cool manner.

She had taken away the study she was making of Kate when Mr. Mason knocked at the door, and substituted another at which she was at work, representing a scene on the beach just at bathing time. The picture was full of life and activity, and Mason exclaimed as he saw it:

"How exquisite that is! One is carried away with the scene and becomes a boy again!"

This, of course, opened a conversation on art, but Mason very soon had to confess that he was not able to form a just opinion. His profession had allowed him very little time to take up matters pertaining to art, and he gave Isabel to understand that he was spending the first long vacation of his life at Nice.

Isabel asked him to pardon her for continuing with her work, and requested him to be seated near the window, where she would not be compelled to look at him so frequently. Endeavoring, with the perfect tact of a woman of the world, not to let the conversation lag, she said:

"But you must have traveled. As a merchant you surely had every opportunity."

Yes, he told her, he had been to South America, and, of course, all over the United States; but he knew very little of Europe.

SMART SHIRT WAIST SUITS.

(Described on page 38.)

"Since New Year I am more at leisure to follow my personal inclinations, because I have given my business to my son," he continued.

Isabel's hand trembled as she mixed some colors with her palette knife, and her face was very pale as she said:

"You have a family?"

"Just my boy. I am a widower. My wife died when my boy was born. I was only twenty-five years old at the time."

"I should think that life would have just begun for you."

"Yes, one might think so. But this was such an awful blow——" he stopped, because he thought he saw a *moquant* smile appear on Isabel's handsome face. "Nature has made me more than usually sentimental."

"Sentimental? Is that so! I should not have thought it!"

Mason could not exactly understand the peculiar tone nor the slight sarcasm.

It was almost impossible to overlook his evident embarrassment, which he tried to conceal with a somewhat jerky conversation, jumping from one topic to another. Isabel laid aside her palette and brushes and asked, rather abruptly:

"What do you want of me? For the last fortnight you have been sending me the most expensive flowers. My message to you has repeatedly been to the effect that I cannot receive anybody—I am deluged with orders."

"What I have to say to you," began Mason, who had risen, "I can just as well tell you in the Casino or at the table d'hôte."

As Isabel, who was regarding him with blazing eyes, did not interrupt, he continued:

"I assure you, I have often enough said to myself that I, with my fifty years, have no showing at all with a lady of such great beauty and attraction as yourself. But you are a little to blame, that I have repeatedly taken new courage and new hope."

"Then you really flatter yourself that I have used a little coquetry in order——"she stopped suddenly, and he was a little frightened at the angry look in her face, as well as its sinister expression. She was intensely nervous and played with the tubes of paint near her easel. "It is really not my intention to turn the heads of the globetrotters who may happen to come here, much less is it my wish that they should occupy their minds with my personality."

"Nevertheless," remarked Mason, "there are quite a number of stories circulating about you."

"Oh, I assure you, I am woman enough to be very much interested in such tales. Am I to understand that the object of your visit is to repeat some of these stories that are in circulation about me?"

Mason hesitated, a little confused at her cynicism, but he soon overcame that and began to hint to her that in the circles he frequented here at Nice, her personality could not be reconciled with a great many little trivialities and habits, as for instance, her evident friendship for this singer who could surely not be placed upon the same social scale with her. Isabel slightly inclined her head, as if assenting to what he said, but remained silent and he, encouraged by this, became a little bolder, even going so far as to mention her connection with the Russian at Saint-Hyères. His voice trembled, although he tried his best to conceal the burning jealousy that was consuming him.

Isabel again nodded her head, he was not quite certain whether it was assent or encouragement, but as he remained silent, she slowly crossed the room, and stopping not far from him, said in decided but proud tones:

"You have heard quite right, Mr. Mason. My relations with Dimitri were all that rumor claims them to have been. For the second time in my life I was nearly starving when he came forward—came to my assistance. I lived with him for two years, and when he fell ill I took care of him until his death. He could not give me his name—he was married."

Mason jumped up and regarded her with horrified eyes.

"Oh, then he was——" he stammered.

"His wife was very religious and very formal," continued Isabel. "But he hated her. Her religion forbade a divorce, and besides she did not wish it." She had spoken very quietly, although

her blood was boiling, and as she opened the second window, breathing heavily, she added, slowly: "Now you know why I am not justified in thinking myself better than Kate."

"It pains me deeply to hear you speak like that! No, it is impossible. You cannot mean it!" he cried.

"It is possible that I speak so candidly because I do not care for the opinion of the public in general," returned Isabel coolly.

"Then I have been more sensitive on this subject than you," he retorted with increasing anger, "because when these scandalous tongues were wagging, I defended you with the utmost tenacity!"

"With what right, may I ask?" interrupted Isabel.

"I was jealous. I did not wish to believe it, and I did not want them to talk about you. I love you," he said, softly. "I love you very much. And even now, when you have told me the whole cruel truth I shall not suffer them to deride you—I shall defend you."

He spoke with feeling, and as if it required a great effort on his part to remain calm. Isabel was more and more nonplussed at his manner. "What could you say in my defense?" she inquired.

"An artist of your ability and a woman of your temperament is not to be measured with the average rule that is applied to others. You have other duties, and, perhaps, for that reason, other privileges."

Not without a feeling of triumph Isabel asked:

"Have you always been so liberal in your ideas?"

"My former surroundings seem like a prison to me to-day. I have freed myself from all prejudices that have been sacred to me all my life, in spite of all the moralists, male and female, through my love for you. Do not make it so hard for me. I came here to ask you to be my wife. Will you?"

Isabel was so astonished at this turn of the affair that she was unable to say a word; all she could do was to look at him with big, startled eyes.

"Do not expect any burning, high-flown tirades, nor the overflowing eloquence of a youth of twenty," he said, simply, but with great sincerity; "to me you represent the larger, the more expanded world—for which everything within me yearns. At first you may have only played with me, but I have heard so many sweet and noble sentiments from your lips that they alone would have been enough to win my thorough devotion, even more than your beauty and your talent."

As she still remained silent, he took this for a sign of encouragement and continued, lightly touching upon his income:

"I am so situated that I would be able to indulge all your wishes. I have only one son. And he will before long also make his choice."

For the first time she showed some signs of feeling. Her face grew white, and her breath came in short, quick gasps, as she asked:

"He—he is going to marry, you say?"

"This has been my wish for a long, long time. A few years ago he caused me untold anxiety. He was very reckless and wild."

"Did he gamble?"

"Well, not exactly. But through an unfortunate entanglement in Paris with an unscrupulous woman, who had gained entire influence and control over him, he was ready to jeopardize his whole future, when luckily a word of command from me recalled him home and saved him."

"Did you know this—woman?" asked Isabel, in a strangely constrained voice.

Mason shook his head.

"It was either a model or a chorus girl, I don't remember exactly."

"Oh, really! Well, when you look at it in the right light your son did not wish to do anything but what you want to do now?" As he looked at her in unbounded surprise, she continued: "You want to follow the dictates of your heart just as he did. Suppose your son would object to your choice?"

His son had nothing to do with it, at all, and he had no intention of asking his son's consent. His son would merely be informed of the fact of his marriage, was Mason's declaration.

(Continued on page 29.)

CHIC DEMI-TAILOR-MADES.

(Described on page 38.)

STAGE HAPPENINGS.

THE CHARMING PERSONALITY OF MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE, HER VIEWS ON DRESS, ETC., ETC.

IT would require a very graceful and versatile pen to do full justice to the charming personality of Miss De Wolfe, who, as Beatrice Croyden, has delighted countless theater-goers this season. Curious and eager to know whether "Beatrice Croyden" was as delightful off the stage as on, I one day called at her stately home, the former dwelling of Washington Irving, on Irving Place, where she resides with her friend, Miss Elizabeth Marbury, the representative of the Society of French Dramatists. The dainty taste of the occupants is at once made manifest by the elegance and refinement of the interior, which is, in fact, a study and a reflection of the gay times of *le roi soleil,* the different pieces carefully selected to form a most attractive whole.

Miss De Wolfe received me in her boudoir, which was as dainty as the drawing-rooms, and I noticed here touches of the same peculiar shade of carnation pink that I had seen down stairs, and which was again reflected in the charming robe she wore, the shade, by the way, being wonderfully becoming, and setting off her pale *mat* complexion and the raven blackness of her tresses to the best advantage.

My eyes must have expressed the appreciation and the admiration I felt at this picture of a graceful woman becomingly attired, because a slight smile passed over her face as she said:

"Yes, this is my favorite color, and whenever possible I wear it in an entire gown, and if not I use touches of it wherever I can."

"Well, I must confess that it was quite as much the cut and shape of your robe as the peculiar color that I admired. Connection with a fashion magazine is only too apt to train the eye to note artistic lines and effects that are beyond the border of the conventional."

"Oh, I could not possibly wear anything at all conventional," exclaimed Miss De Wolfe, "and just to get away from it I design all my own gowns. I very much admire long, flowing lines and graceful draperies, as well as the soft clinging materials, that suggest so many possibilities in the way of folds and artistic effects generally. For evening wear I like décolleté gowns, but for daily use I decidedly prefer the very practical and sensible walking skirt; I always wear one myself and, indeed, so obnoxious to me is a long skirt that has been trailed over dirty sidewalks and through our not over-clean cable cars, that I insist upon the short skirt being worn by everyone connected with my company. And, of course, serviceable walking boots and a trim, neat hat. There is nothing more ridiculous than the combination of short skirts and picture hats!"

"Oh, yes, I am extremely fond of my profession," she said, in answer to a question to this effect. I made my *début* as an amateur actress at quite an early age, but did not appear professionally until some years later, after I had fitted myself for the stage under Hermann Zezin of London, and Madam Bartet of the Comédie Française. Indeed, Sardou himself coached me for the part of Fabrienne in Thermidor."

"I suppose it is unnecessary for me to ask you how you like Paris. Everybody who has been there has but one opinion," I said.

"You know Paris," she exclaimed, "why then I need not tell you how much Paris and its environs appeal to me personally. Miss Marbury and I spend our summers abroad always; we have a charming villa at Versailles, where we stay the greater part of the time."

"Oh, no, I have no particular fads," laughed Miss De Wolfe, "unless you want to count the collection of *objets d'art* as one. Every year when I am abroad I add to my collection, either a rare painting, or a vase, or a bronze, but in most cases it is a painting."

I thought I quite understood in how great a degree everything beautiful must appeal to this exquisite and dainty "Beatrice Croyden," who is making such a success of "The Way of the World."

"Tell you something personal," she repeated, "well, I hardly know of anything, unless you are interested in knowing that I have my own particular recipe for perfume and sachet, which is most jealously guarded, I assure you, and is always made up in Paris. I think a woman should be distinguished by the kind of perfume she uses quite as much as by her clothes. To be conspicuous in either is just the reverse of nice. Oh, yes, my hair," she laughed, "that is my maid's distraction, because she has to shampoo it about every two days. It is so very long and thick and so very dark, that were it not shampooed as frequently as it is, the powder I use in my make-up would make it look quite gray and altogether unpleasant.

Miss De Wolfe has every reason to be proud of her hair, because it is so long that it reaches her knees, as fine and soft as silk, and so very thick that it envelopes her like a cloak.

Her eyes are large and dark and singularly expressive; her face is very attractive and lightens up wonderfully when she smiles.

ANNA WORTHINGTON.

MRS. "PAT" CAMPBELL AND OTHERS.

When it was known that the celebrated Mrs. "Pat" Campbell was to favor the "States," there was a great deal of talk in advance of her beautiful gowns. These turned out to be something of a disappointment, proving, as might be expected, the English idea of good clothes, which resemble in very small degree that of the American woman. Many of her frocks were quite "dowdy" from our point of view, and one or two were really dirty by the end of her short season. The stage settings were not at all impressive to any one used to the magnificence of the American stage, the drawing room of "Mrs. Tanqueray" being almost mean in its appointments, and strongly suggesting the "instalment plan" advertisements.

The actress who takes the part of "Lady Orreyd" in that play, and whose name has for the moment slipped me, wears in the third act a rather remarkable gown. It is of most brilliant red, painted with huge *pink* poppies. A curious little sash of red, bordered with black, encircled the waist, and ended in little bunchy tabs in the back. The shoulder straps were mismatched, one being of pink and red, the other black and red. This gown was of so striking a character as not to be readily forgotten.

A week or two after the Brooklyn engagement of this company, and before the Harlem appearance, occurred what was to have been the event of the musical season, but which fell rather short of that—the Lehman-Kubelik concert. Madame Lillian Blauvelt appeared on that occasion in the identical frock—pink poppies, mismatched shoulder straps, bunchy little sash and all, the only difference being in the coiffure ornament, "Lady Orreyd" wearing pink, and Madame Blauvelt a red pompon, the latter being by far the more effective, the former more successfully carrying out the color idea.

SIMPLE SILK WAISTS.

(Described on page 38.)

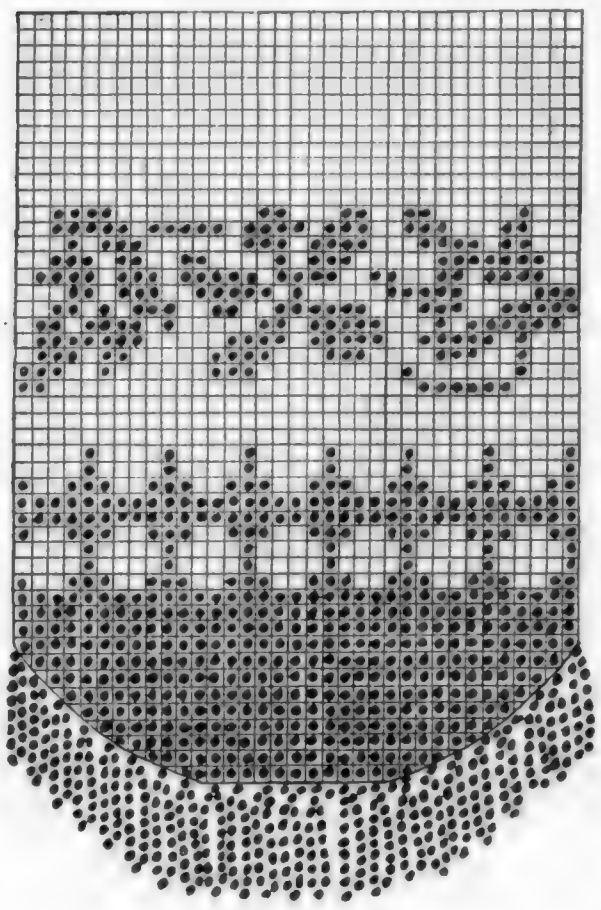
Embroidery.

SMALL CROCHETED SILK CHATELAINE PURSE, No. 23, WITH DESIGN OF VIOLETS.

IN these days of the revival of the old-fashioned bead-work we have purses and chatelaine bags galore. Colored beads, both glass and metal, are used in a number of the new designs, but they cannot be said to supersede the steel beads, which are still very fashionable.

The purse which we have selected to show in this number is known as a coin purse, and is supplied with a ring chatelaine top, so that it may be carried either on the finger or suspended from a chatelaine. It is a most convenient little article, and of simple design. Gray Corticelli purse twist is used for the foundation, the bottom of the bag is worked solid with steel beads and has a steel bead fringe, and a band of violets and leaves is worked across the upper part of the bag. Violet and green metal beads are used for this band, and the effect is very pretty. Great care should be used in stringing the beads, as per the following directions:

Four violet, 3 green; 4 violet, 3 green; 4 violet, 7 green; 7 violet, 8 green; 7 violet, 5 green; 7 violet, 10 green; 7 violet, 8 green; 7 violet, 6 green; 7 violet, 4 green; 6 violet, 8 green; 6 violet, 7 green; 6 violet, 5 green; 8 violet, 5 green; 9 violet, 9 green; 9 violet, 7 green; 5 violet, 6 green; 6 violet, 8 green; 6 violet, 5 green; 8 violet, 6 green; 8 violet, 8 green; 8 violet, 6 green; 7 violet, 7 green; 7 violet, 7 green; 7 violet, 7 green; 9 violet, 5 green; 8 violet, 6 green; 9 violet, 7 green; 7 violet, 5



green; 7 violet, 4 green; 7 violet, 5 green; 3 violet, 4 green; 3 violet, 2 green; 3 violet, 14 green. Following the colored beads put on 898 steel beads.

Begin with chain of 14 stitches, work back on both sides of chain with 1 bead in each stitch, making 26 sitches in first round. Increase 4 stitches in every round by working 3 stitches in

one in both sides of purse until there are 70 stitches.

First round, 26 stitches; 2d round, 30 stitches; 3d round, 34 stitches; 4 round, 38 stitches; 5th round, 42 stitches; 6th round, 46 stitches; 7th round, 50 stitches; 8th round, 54 stitches; 9th round, 58 stitches; 10 round, 62 stitches; 11th round, 66 stitches; 12th round, 70 stitches.

The materials required are: One ½-ounce spool Corticelli Purse Twist, color No. 1164 Two bunches Steel Beads. One bunch each Green and Violet Beads. One 2½ inch Clasp Top.

* * *

SAFRANO ROSE CENTERPIECE DESIGN No. 678F.

An especially good feature about this design is that the side view of the rose is the one chosen. This makes it much easier for the amateur.

The shells for the border are worked in long and short buttonhole stitch with Corticelli Persian floss, white 615, shaded with Filo silk, green, 803, 804, 805. The scrolls which form the rest of the border are worked in buttonhole stitch with Corticelli Persian floss, white, 615, shaded at the ends with green, 804. The small scroll figure just above each fan is worked in satin stitch with Corticelli Filo silk, green, 803, 804.

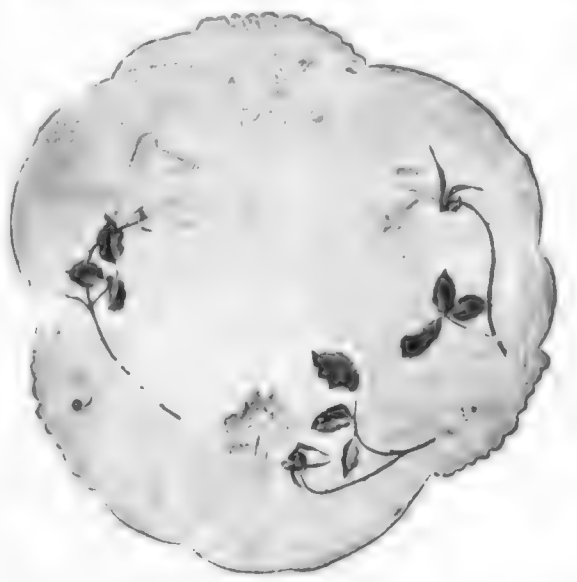
In working the flowers the most serious troubles which confront the beginner are the stitch direction and the shading. The work may be for the most part feather stitch, for with the more elaborate form we expect to do more elaborate work. On linen, however, while we will lay in several rows of feather stitch we will not necessarily cover the linen completely, because we do not want to produce a heavy effect. Another stitch, or rather another management of feather stitch, will be brought into use on this flower—that is, the Overlap Tapestry. It will be necessary to work the rounded petals in this stitch after the overfolds have been first laid in. With the lights and shadows in the right places hardly any under filling is advisable, especially on the wide overfolds. A few long stitches *in silk* are all that should ever be placed over these petals, and these just through the center. The direction of the stitches in the overfolds may be determined as follows: Make an outline of the rose petal as it would be if it were not turned over; cut this out with the scissors. Now draw lines over the wrong side of it, which would be those of the stitch direction in the simple flat form. Turn over the edges of the paper after the fashion of the curled over petal, and the proper stitch direction will be apparent. When one has tried this little experiment she will at once see that when the folds are at the sides of petals the direction is exactly opposite from what will be the direction of the stitches on the main part of the petal. This should be the treatment for the curled petals, but the large rolling petals should be worked in the Overlap Tapestry already referred to.

Since the stitches must be laid straight the curves of the veins or texture of the edges of the petals can be indicated only by working one row at an angle over the end of the preceding so as to lead gradually to the turn. Embroider the close curled petals of the rose first, then the shadows under them. Then work the rolled over edges of the petals and the shadows under them which bring out their cupped up character. The necessity for having the petals above the shadows finished first will be apparent when we come to work them in. The stitch is also Overlap Tapestry and it will give the cupped up effect beautifully.

The correct shades to use for this rose are Corticelli Filo silk, 100,102,103, 105, 637, 638, 639, 655.9 and a little brown, 139.

A variety of shades may be used for the leaves, as Corticelli Filo silk, 124, 125, 693, 694, 695, 696, 783, 852, 854, and terra cotta, 121, 122. These shades may be worked into some of the leaves and used in the stems.

The materials required are: Corticelli Filo



silk, one skein each, 100, 102, 103, 105, 121, 122, 124, 125, 139, 637, 638, 639, 655.9, 693, 694, 695, 696, 783, 803, 804, 805, 852, 854. Corticelli Persian floss, 9 skeins, 615.

* * *

When you are married, spend the rest of your life making the best of it. You will find it much better to pay for your wife's love and virtue with your kindest attentions than make her wretched at the price of the happiness, repose and comfort of your whole life.

DAINTY SUMMER FROCKS.

(Described on page 38.)

DESCRIPTIONS OF PLATES.

TAILOR-MADES FOR WARM WEATHER.

(Illustrated on pages 22 and 23.)

Fig. G 1.—Long driving coat of moiré antique. Cape collar and turned back cuffs of plaid silk. Coat collar and revers of moiré. Pattern, $2.50. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra.

Fig. G 2.—Bicycle costume of light gray cloth, plaided with darker gray. Eton jacket with added basque portion. Notched and stitched collar, and skirt facing of plain gray cloth. Pattern, suit, $2.50. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra. Skirt, $1.50; coat, $1.50. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra each garment.

Fig. G 3.—Costume of iron gray zibeline. Skirt laid in tucks to form gored effect, each tuck being piped with smooth-faced cloth of a lighter shade. Shawl collar with inlaid facing of velvet. Vestee of Irish crochet lace mounted on white satin. Pattern, coat, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra each. Entire suit, $2.50. Cut to measure, $3.50.

Fig. G 4.—Three-quarter length raglan of light weight plain cheviot for traveling. Extra fullness is arranged in an inlaid pleat at the shoulders. Pattern, $2.00. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra.

Fig. G 5.—Close fitting jacket of smooth faced cloth. Velvet collar, small revers faced with white moiré antique. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra.

Fig. G 6.—Close fitting jacket of satin finished cloth, opening over a waistcoat of white cloth. Revers faced with black satin. Gored skirt of black and white checked cheviot with fashionable seam up the middle of the front. Pattern, suit, $2.50. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra. Separately, $1.50 each garment. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra, each.

Fig. G 7.—Costume of dark blue diagonal cheviot, with stitched tucks to give gored effect to skirt, and simulate Norfolk jacket. Coat collar with inlaid facing of velvet. Pattern, suit, $2.50. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra. Separately, $1.50 each garment. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra, each.

Fig. G 8.—Costume of smooth finished summer cloth. Gored skirt with shaped flounce. Open "blazer" jacket, with shawl collar, on which silk facing is laid in scallops. Pattern, suit, $2.50. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra. Separately, $1.50 each garment. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra, each.

Fig. G 9.—Close fitting double breasted jacket of broadcloth, with velvet faced collar. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra.

Fig. G 10.—Costume of striped camel's hair. Gored skirt very flaring at hem. Close fitting single breasted jacket with small revers faced with white peau de soie. Pattern, suit, $2.50. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra. Separately, $1.50 each garment. Cut to measure, $1.00 extra, each.

PRETTY GOWNS FOR EVENING WEAR.

(Illustrated on page 24.)

Fig. 772.—Gown of white crêpe de chine trimmed with écru appliqué, and turquoise blue velvet ribbon. Pattern, corsage, 75 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 773.—Gown of biscuit colored embroidered batiste. Corsage, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 774.—Gown of pale green Liberty satin, trimmed with appliqué embroidery, and straps of satin ribbon shaded from bottom to top. Corsage, 75 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

FROCKS FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

(Illustrated on page 26.)

Fig. 775.—Frock of Wedgwood blue china silk trimmed with velvet ribbon in two widths, and small buckles of rhinestones, or cut steel. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 776.—Frock of biscuit veiling, laid in tucks, and trimmed with écru inserting and black velvet ribbon. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 777.—Frock of mastic æolienne, trimmed with appliqué and narrow black ribbon. Blouse of the material laid in tucks, which also forms diamonds on the skirt. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 778.—Frock of Liberty silk trimmed with velvet ribbon and Irish crochet lace. The skirt is trimmed with two groups of tucks and a shaped and gathered flounce. Yoke of Irish lace, transparent, edged by a bertha of lace trimmed square medallions, through which the velvet ribbon is passed. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

PARTY FROCKS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

(Illustrated on page 30.)

Fig. 783.—Frock of white mull and embroidery. Gored skirt has beading down each seam through which is run narrow ribbon, finishing in a bow. The same effect is carried up on the blouse. Unlined yoke of very open "all over" embroidery. Ruffles and berthe embroidery. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 784.—Child's frock of white nainsook, trimmed with groups of tuck inserting and embroidered edging. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 785.—Frock of white veiling, laid in box pleats, and trimmed with rows of narrow velvet ribbon, and appliqué embroidery in a square medallion design. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 786.—Frock of sea green Liberty satin. Gored skirt cut in points outlined with three rows of narrow ribbon and mounted with an accordion-pleated flounce of chiffon. Down each seam is run a band of Russian lace, laid on a simulated box pleat of the satin. These are continued on the blouse, which has a yoke and upper sleeve portion cut in Vandykes to carry out the same idea as the skirt. Elbow puff of accordion-pleated chiffon. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

SUMMER FROCKS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

(Illustrated on page 32.)

Fig. 788.—Frock of plaid gingham trimmed with white appliqué, narrow ribbon, and small buttons set in groups. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 789.—Frock of white Liberty silk goffered to form yoke and sleeves, and trimmed with cream guipure appliqué in a daisy pattern. Girdle shoulder straps of turquoise blue velvet ribbon. Skirt which is goffered to form a yoke at hips is finished at hem with a briar stitching of turquoise blue chenille. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 790.—Frock of embroidered batiste. Circular skirt lightly gathered at belt, finished with ruffle and headed by bands of embroidery. Blouse made with yoke finished with bertha, and epaulettes. Girdle and bows of geranium red ribbon. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 791.—"Pattern" frock of pale blue foulard, with a polka dotted border, which is used for the shaped flounce on skirt, the vest, and sleeve finish. The other trimming is narrow velvet ribbon, and Irish crochet lace. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 792.—Frock of figured challie. Simulated box pleats form yoke on skirt and jacket on blouse. Batiste embroidery, and ribbon in three widths form the trimming. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

THEATRICAL JOTTINGS.

Annie Russell closed her season at the Lyceum on March 22, and with her passes the cozy little Fourth Avenue theater, which is to be torn down for an addition to an already huge office building. Though entirely out of what is now the direct line of the theater district, it has shown no diminution of popularity, and the season has attained its usual length, without perceptible falling off of audiences. Charming old Mrs. Gilbert is as dear as ever to the hearts of the theater going public, and is always as warmly applauded as the star. The indomitable spirit of this old lady, over eighty years of age, is a matter of continual surprise, particularly so in view of the vigor of her performance.

* * *

Henrietta Crosman is playing Rosalind in "As You Like It," to crowded houses. After the sensational developments of the circumstances which terminated her season a year ago, a renewed interest was shown in her. She could not have had a better advertisement. As she is an excellent actress, with a sympathetic personality, she has been able to sustain the interest stimulated by the pluck she showed under adverse circumstances.

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GRACEFUL GOWNS FOR SUMMER WEAR.

(Described on page 38.)

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The Dressing of the Hair.

THE arrangement of the coiffure grows more and more elaborate, approaching more nearly the English ideal in that regard than the more simple one of the Americans and the French.

Contrary to all predictions, the much abused "Pompadour" retains a large measure of popularity, but with modifications. The immense roll straight back from the face, without any softening of those little curls called "love locks" has entirely disappeared. In its present manifestation it is greatly modified in size, and almost invariably drawn down at one temple or the other. Though generally at the left side, there is no absolute rule about this, many people preferring the right as being more becoming, or as concealing some small scar or other defect. As few women are blessed with a perfect forehead, these changes were adopted with eagerness, and are likely to be retained for some time.

There is another quite distinct type of dressing the front hair, very flat and rather untidy, but the one-sided effect is also insisted upon in this style, showing sometimes a distinct parting. It is also capable of being developed in the very neatest manner, a long part running almost to the back of the head.

The "Marcel" wave continues as popular as formerly with the women who wave their hair at all. An ever increasing number, however, are ceasing to do so, and this is certainly a step in the right direction. For those who would like to achieve this rather artificial style, one may give the following simple directions. "The strand of hair is taken lightly in the fingers, taking as much in the same direction as may be easily handled, in order that each wave may be unbroken. The tongs should not be heated too hot, as the adjustment takes a moment to accomplish, and care must be taken to avoid scorching. The tongs are then turned *away* from the face. They should then be released, and slipped along just beyond, taking up the same quantity as before, and then turned *forward*. That makes the long wave known as the "Marcel." The only difficulty about this is making the joinings, when a coiffure of the style described is desired. To obtain the unbroken wave much practice is required.

There is a growing tendency to eschew tongs and there is a very simple method of waving the hair that is growing in favor. Part the hair as if for a Pompadour, thoroughly wetting the portion used in the puff, the long ends of course remaining dry. The hair is then pulled forward loosely and allowed to droop over the forehead. The weight of the wet hair pulls it into waves, which will appear when the hair is rolled back.

This is true even of the straightest hair. If persisted in, in a short time the waves appear even in the most stubborn hair and the healthy appearance and added gloss are truly surprising. It will take two or three weeks to achieve this result with hair that has been tortured by the iron until that burnt and dead appearance that we all know so well has been given.

If greater regularity in the waves is desired, pull them into place with the fingers after wetting the hair, in the style of the old fashioned water waves, and tie them flat with a veil or a handkerchief, bearing in mind that the lighter in fabric the bandage, the sooner the hair will dry.

The present style demands that the hair be dressed low for all occasions, but in this respect there are many who refuse to conform. It is very foolish if one style is distinctly becoming and the other is not, to slavishly follow the fashion.

There are always those in large numbers, who prefer the hair dressed high, without regard to the mode, so one may well afford to be independent in this matter without appearing wholly behind the times.

The present more elaborate styles call for false hair, in the shape of cushions, puffs, curls, and switches. The cushion is again used to support the Pompadour. When it was discovered a year or two since, that it was possible to discard the cushion and still have a Pompadour by ruffling and snarling the hair with a comb, the improvement, so-called, was hailed with delight, as less heating to the head. Further experience, however, proved it to be disastrous to the hair, the constant snarling, and consequent brushing of the tangled mass dragging it out by the roots in quantities. Therefore many went back to the use of the pad.

The most desirable hair to have by nature, for the present mode, is not large in quantity nor great in length, but even, and growing thickly up from the forehead and temples. The most difficult to arrange is the generous head of hair, growing long and profusely, celebrated by painters and poets. It is far easier to add a "switch" or "tail," as the English say, mount on a few puffs, and insert a few tiny curls, than to arrange in these complicated forms the more bountiful gifts of nature. We are not, however, consulted on these points, and by far the greater number of us have to struggle with too little hair rather than too much.

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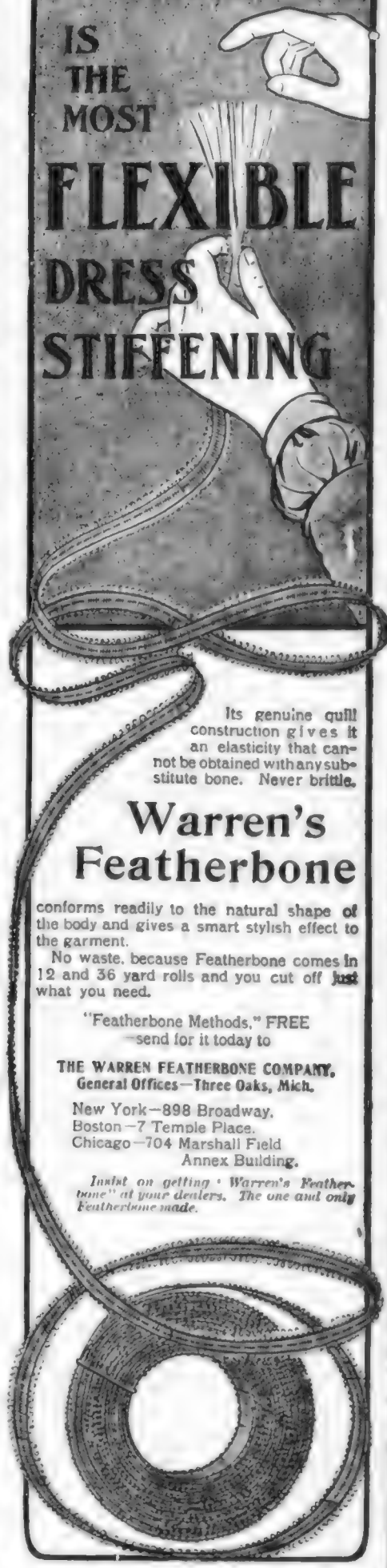

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Les Parisiennes

TAILOR-MADES FOR WARM

(Described on page 19.)

FOR WARM WEATHER.

ued on page 19.)

PRETTY GOWNS FOR EVENING WEAR.

(Described on page 19.)

IN MOTHERLAND.

UPON PARENTAL NEGLECT.—No. I.

TO keep a child in sound health, moral and mental, as well as physical, even when naturally of an excellent constitution, demands the constant supervision of the mother. This is not to say that there are not plenty of excellent nurses, but the judgment of such persons is not to be entirely relied upon, even when they are elderly women, having spent a lifetime in such service. Such persons have the "defects of their qualities," as the French say.

One of the greatest causes for apprehension with nurses of this description is when they manifest an excessive fondness for their charges. This leads to over-indulgence, laying the foundations in extreme youth of traits difficult or impossible to eradicate in later life. When there is any inherited predisposition to faults, such a person will tend to encourage and foster the evil. If these women had the "wisdom of the serpent," joined to the "gentleness of the dove," a character more required in the training of children than in any other walk of life, they would not be serving in an subordinate domestic situation at so much per month. Their value would be incalculable, and their rewards proportional, putting their services out of the question for all but the fabulously rich.

Constant supervision, then, of an interested person is required in the nursery, if proper training is to be given. It is not necessary that the mother should make a drudge of herself if she can afford to do otherwise, but the growing tendency of people of means is to neglect the nursery. Children are looked upon as pretty toys to be played with at intervals, and banished at once they are naughty. Endless tales might be told to illustrate this habit among the wealthy, but one must prove sufficient as an instance.

There is a certain young lady, coming of one of the best families of these United States, the very salt of the nation. It became necessary that she should contribute to her own support, and possessing musical ability and training above the average, she turned these to practical account. Her family and standing gave her unusual interest, and from the first she had no lack of pupils. Among these was the ten-year-old daughter of one of our leading millionaires, one of the Long Island hunting colony. The preliminary negotiations were arranged entirely by letter, and our young friend entered upon her duties. After several weeks had elapsed, a question arose upon which she was desirous of consulting the mother of her pupil. Up to this time she had seen no other member of the family. She inquired for the lady of the house, and was informed she was "not at home." Subsequent efforts to see this lady proving equally unavailing, she asked her pupil when she could see her mother, and if it was necessary to make an appointment. "Oh, I don't think you can see mamma, Miss ——," said the child. "My time for seeing her is on Wednesday mornings at ten o'clock, and you come on Thursday afternoons." The music teacher gave up her post.

It is often a matter of remark that the children of wealth should be vulgar and ill bred, even "common" to use a very descriptive word, even when the family have had for generations every appliance that money could supply. It seems to the writer that the neglect of the children at an early age, the leaving them entirely in the society of persons of a refinement only comparative at best, is accountable for this in the majority of instances.

The training in manners given by these persons would be funny if not so sad. "Don't run. Walk like a little gentleman," said one of these gentry to her charge, the other day, walking in the park. Poor little soul, compelled to be always "a little gentleman," according to the standard of Bridget.

In hotels this evil is the more noticeable. An hotel with any pretensions to fashion has a separate table for nurses and children, the latter, however, being admitted to the table of the parents, if such an arrangement is made. By far the greater number, however, prefer the former arrangement as giving themselves the greater freedom.

A separate veranda is usually provided, as well, and the children are admitted to the public reception rooms of the hotel only at stated hours.

As the average nursery governess is rarely more than one of the lower classes, coming from people with no traditions of refinement, it is small wonder that in later life the courtesy and breeding which might be expected from one of the "upper" class is so entirely lacking in the rising generation. How many young men nowadays rise from their places, when a lady enters the room, remaining standing until she is seated? And how one's heart warms toward such a one, though his backslidings be many. Such simple niceties of conduct are to be learned in later life, but rarely become so spontaneous, so easy and natural, as if acquired in earliest childhood and confirmed by habitude.

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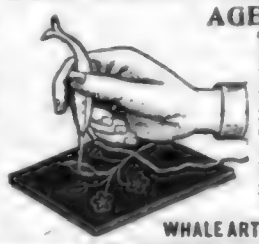

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GENTLEMEN:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion.
About five years ago my right ear began to sing, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely.
I underwent a treatment for Catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily; that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.
I then saw your advertisement accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and to-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain,
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FROCKS FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

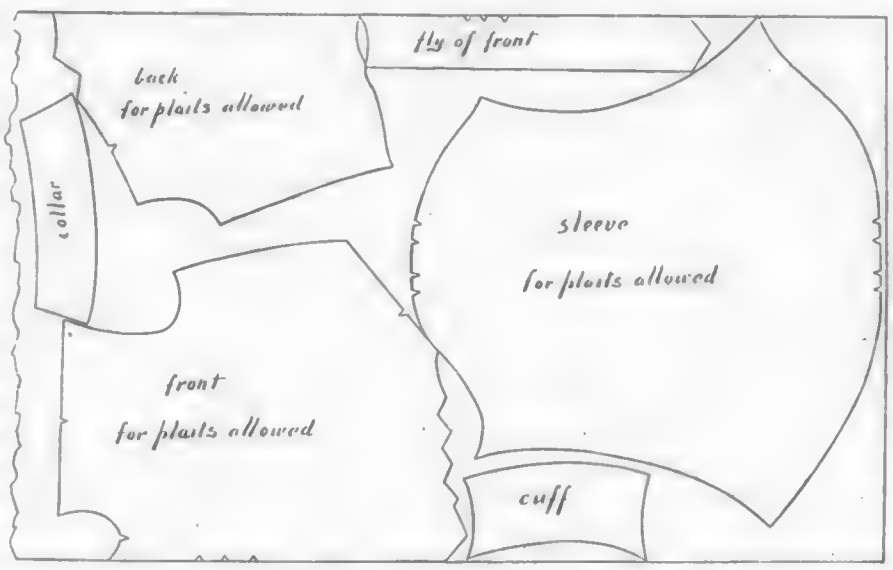
(Described on page 19.)

Home Dressmaking.

A GIBSON SHIRT WAIST.

A PRETTY and stylish shirt waist, a variation of the new type, is illustrated this month for the maid or matron who helps out her wardrobe by the use of her own deft fingers. The two cuts show the pattern and the waist as it will appear when finished, the former being readily enlarged by the simple device which comes for that purpose, or by careful measurement.

The pattern is very simple, and clearly marked, and is very prettily developed in white albatross, embroidered with a black silk spot, each pleat being piped with black satin; or dark blue nun's veiling piped with a black and white stripe, cut on the bias, or in such a way as to show the stripe horizontally. If it is desired to make it a little more dressy, Louisine might be used, in whatever color wished, the pipings of a blending or contrasting color, and the stock collar made of Irish crochet lace unlined, but wired to give the proper support. Feather bone is in fact better than the wire for that.



This style is especially suited to slender, narrow-shouldered women, the pleat on the shoulder distracting the eye, and giving additional breadth. To make the waist two and five-sixth yards of material thirty inches wide will be required.

It is the mistaken impression of many women, that shirt waists are of no account, and that they do not demand any particular nicety of finish. Never was there a greater mistake. If any garment requires perfection of cut and attention of detail that garment is the shirtwaist. And one is fully rewarded by that attention.

A shirtwaist that is properly cut, carefully fitted, stitched, pressed and finished is a different garment from one hastily hitched together any fashion so long as it holds. The shops make a considerable difference in price between the so-called "tailored" waists, and those made with less care, the former being so much more work.

A great many women deplore the fact that shirt waists are not becoming. It is quite true that the very severe styles, with the linen collar and masculine tie, are very trying to many, but to-day there are so many variations, slightly trimmed, that some becoming style may be found for everyone. There are the broad shouldered styles, and the very full blouse styles for the slender, and those more fitted and shaped for the stout. Sailor collars, yokes, pleats. For figures inclined to be round-shouldered, the sailor collar is very desirable. If careful to select a style with not too deep a collar, this defect may be concealed.

A little handwork greatly improves these garments—a few French knots, a little herringbone stitching, open, over another color, or coral or briar stitching on the material itself, are all very easy; they "go quickly," so to speak, and add infinitely to the beauty of the waist. The fashionable arrow heads are more difficult, and require practice to make them smooth.

A little judgment in such ways can adapt such a model as the above, for instance, into one sufficiently dressy for informal occasions.

Developed in pale lilac, for instance, with the pipings of deeper shade, the collar of open crochet lace with a violet piping above the upper edge, strips of the embroidery laid down the fly, ornamented with small brilliant buttons, and you have a charming waist, suitable to wear with a tailor suit to a concert, the theater, or an informal luncheon.

Another development is in black liberty satin, the pipings of tan satin, or what is even more smart, light weight tan cloth. The buttons are then of tan, the stitching of tan, and rows of French knots are worked in tan silk on each pleat, between the stitchings

To make the French knots heavy twist is required. Bring the needle through from the wrong side; twisting the silk around the needle two or three times. Draw the needle and thread through the twists and then catch these down by passing the needle through to the wrong side. It takes a little practice to make them neatly, but it is far easier to begin on such a garment as this where any loops in the thread can be pulled through to the wrong side, where they do not show, than in articles or garments destined for the tub. It is foolish to attempt making French knots in table linen or washable garments until a certain dexterity has been gained.

The coarser the needle used the larger the knot. One must then be careful to use the same size needle throughout, and the same number of twists to each knot.

* *

Mabel S., New York.—Stocks are particularly elaborate, many are hand-embroidered and many are jeweled.

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STITCH RIPPER.

Rips and picks out machine-stitching and bastings. Draws threads for hemstitching. Saves your fingers. **Not Scissors. Does not cut. With Silver Mounted Handles, 35 and 50 cents.** Money back if you want it. Coin or 2c. stamps.

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It is something entirely NEW. With it can be woven the most beautiful Valenciennes and Torchon Laces. Something never done in America before! Easy to learn and easy to work, and the lace produced is equal to the finest imported hand-made lace. Ladies who desire to make lace for their own use, or to make money, should write at once, and get full particulars about this wonderful little loom.

GLASGO lace thread, 500-yd. spools, 12½c.
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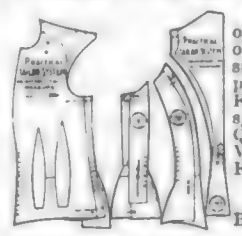

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LIA RAND'S Perfecto Cream

This delicate White, Hygienic, Non-Acid Bleach is a tissue builder, Skin Food and Great Beautifier. Shrinks enlarged pores. Removes Liver Spots, Wrinkles, Tan and all blemishes.

Price, 50c. per jar; tube, 25c.; rules for Facial Massage included.

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To mail on receipt of $1.00 the following of her well known toilet specialties (worth double) as follows:

A tube of Lia Rand's Perfecto Cream, with rules for facial massage; a box of Lia Rand's A B Powder; a Camel's-hair Face Brush to be used with water, and a cake of Lia Rand's Savon Hygienique.

Mme. LIA RAND,
199 Washington Street, Brooklyn.

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FROCKS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

(Described on page 38.)

CHANGED BY JUST AN INCIDENT.

(Continued from page 7.)

Her voice broke. For the first time the two neighbors saw each other soul to soul just as God made them, tender, passionate, weak, sisters at heart in spite of apparent differences. And from this intimate knowledge sprang love—the helpful, disinterested, sympathetic love of one woman for another, which alone makes existence bearable to many, and goes far toward sweetening the world.

It was some time before either of them could speak again. Then Amy said softly, at the close of a long embrace:

"Come upstairs now, dear friend, and see our pet asleep. She will love you, too, and you shall never be lonely any more.

* * * * * * * * *

The new alliance between the flighty Mrs. Ruthven and the prudish Miss Cartaret puzzled Southville society vastly. At first there was much scoffing, and no one believed the friendship would last, but in time it came to be accepted as a strange but permanent fact. Moreover it was productive of excellent results. The flirtations of Mrs. Ruthven disappointed the scandal-mongers when they realized that Miss Cartaret had the *entrée* to her house at all times and that perfect confidence reigned between the pair.

A STORY OF BOHEMIA.

(Continued from page 13.)

A feeling of triumph that was almost painful in its intensity surged through her during the ensuing silence, and Mason's eyes were fastened on her lips. Finally, she said, in smothered tones:

"Mr. Mason, I must decline the honor you wish to confer upon me! My relations to Dimitri I ask you to conceal from your son for the present, although he unfortunately is aware who and what drove me to desperation. The model, or the chorus girl, that you do not exactly remember, and whom your son deserted at your command, am I!"

Mason sprang from his seat and looked at her, horrified at what she had just disclosed. He remained immovable for some time, deeply agitated, and torn with conflicting emotions. Isabel was standing near the open window, and leaning her head against the wall, she continued, dreamily:

"At the time your son was twenty and I barely nineteen. By birth and by education I was fully your son's equal, but I was poor and an orphan. How we loved each other! Had you given your consent, our happiness would have been unbounded, and I never would have fallen—possibly, also, never risen to anything. But the privation, the sharp pangs of hunger—the misery of it all—and finally, too, the contempt I felt for the whole world when your son so dutifully deserted me—all that served as an incentive to develop my talent, in addition to a tireless energy and the wish to forget."

Mason began to exhaust himself with apologies, silently cursing fate for this meeting, and yet under the influence of Isabel's beauty and nobility, his actions appeared to him full of contempt and scurrilous in the highest sense. Almost despairing, he sought to make explanations and apologies, crying:

"But I never took it as seriously as all that—it seemed impossible. A boy of twenty! If I had only come to him myself. I cannot tell you what a blow this is to me now! Had I only known you then—I swear you would have won my whole respect!"

Isabel shrugged her shoulders, and said with a forced calmness:

"Mr. Mason, I am highly honored by your good opinion. But the tolerance you have learned to exercise can never redeem the past."

Whether from a sincere desire to atone, or compassion, love—and, perhaps, shame—he endeavored his utmost to gain her forgiveness. He declared his firm determination of sending for his son at once.

"I shall tell him that you have completely subjugated me, charmed me to such an extent that I was on the point of marrying you myself! Do not, I beg you, be hard and cruel! To forgive, to be compassionate, are the sweet attributes of womanhood! I shall ask him to forgive me as I have asked you. And then, I assure you, he will at once be ready to make you his wife."

After a long pause Isabel said brokenly, her voice sounding to herself as if coming from a great distance:

"Years ago in Paris I would have deemed it the greatest bliss to become your son's wife. To-day, when I finally seem to have realized all the qualifications that are required to fill this position properly, I do not prize it so highly. I thank you for your good intentions. But it is too late."

Not long afterward Mason took his leave. He was correct to the last moment, although the short time that he had spent with Isabel seemed to have made him older by a good many years.

Isabel's very proud and self-possessed bearing was wholly assumed, and when the door closed behind her visitor she made a movement as if to recall him, but checked herself; then woman-like she sank down in a chair and cried heartrendingly.

A REVELATION.

If there are doubting Thomas' or Maidens fair, or those unfair, who fain would be fair, let them use Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream and prove the efficacy of what the proprietor has so long tried to impress on the minds of all, in nearly every part of the World. As a Skin Purifier and Beautifier it has no equal or rival. If the reader would prove the virtues of Oriental Cream, use it where a Scratch or slight Cut, or where a Black-head or Pimple is troubling you, then you see its healing and purifying qualities—if it does its work well, then read the advertisement again for further testimony of its virtues, and by using Oriental Cream renew both Youth and Beauty.

In these days of the out-of-door and the "strenuous" life, the gentle art of embroidery would at first thought seem in danger of falling into disuse. It is, however, too time-honored to be lightly relegated to the past and eliminated from the arts truly feminine. The up-to-date woman displays her skill in the use of the needle by a lavish ornamentation of her wardrobe. Nowhere can her fine taste be more accurately gaged than in this very attention to the details of her costume, and it is under the head of details that costume embroidery must come. Perhaps the most simple and useful employment of this class of embroidery is seen on the small "collar-tabs." On street costumes, as well as on dainty evening gowns, this beautiful decorative needlework may be carried to seeming infinity. Good silk is essential. Corticelli Wash Embroidery Silk is already so widely known that it hardly needs special mention. The infinite variety of shades in which it is made, as well as its absolute fastness of color, its brilliancy and smooth working qualities, make it the ideal embroidery silk.

Liquor Habit Cured.

Send us your name and address with 4 cts. to cover postage, packing, etc., & we will mail you a package of our "Secret Cure" free in a plain package with full directions how to give it secretly in tea, coffee, food, etc. It is odorless and tasteless and will cure this dreadful habit quietly and permanently without the patient's knowledge or consent. It is a positive and permanent "Secret Cure" for the Drink Habit, and will cost you nothing to try it. Good for both sexes. **Milo Drug Co., Dept. 120, St. Louis, Mo.**

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To introduce SILK-E underskirts, which have all the appearance of silk skirts, but last twice as long and cost about one-third as much, we are going to offer a limited number of our regular $5.00 SILK-E underskirts at the specially low price of $2.50 delivered. This skirt is made with 3 rows of full ruffles and 1 row of fancy cord on each ruffle. Pointed and gathered ruching running from top ruffles to the heading of same, and cut with a very wide flare, making a most satisfactory skirt in every particular and filling a long-felt want.

A SILK-E skirt fits particularly well over the hips and

Has even the Rustle of Silk.

COLORS: Black, Heliotrope, Old Rose and Green.
LENGTHS: 39, 40, 41, 42 and 43 inches.

You practically receive a Silk skirt when you order a SILK-E underskirt, as it looks like silk, wears better, and cannot be distinguished from real silk except by the closest scrutiny, and is a real bargain.

Never sold in stores.

Sent Anywhere, C.O.D., $2.50, Express Paid, with privilege of examination. Satisfaction guaranteed.
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SILK-E MFG. CO., 13-21 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.
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Originators and Sole Distributers of SILK-E skirts.

AGENTS WANTED — BIG MONEY to Energetic Workers. Write for Confidential Terms.

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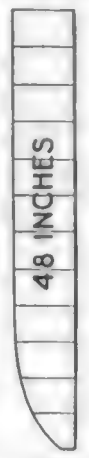

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Cannot be without this **New, Simple Invention.** With it you can cut any skirt, flounce, etc., without alteration. Easily learned from printed instructions by mail.

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mode of cutting needs no words of praise here. It is the WORLD'S FAIR Prize Winner. Simple, rapid, giving wondrous grace and beauty in outline to all forms without alteration. Its use in all the leading establishments proves its necessity, simplicity, practicability. Write for circular.

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the **fruit.** Perfect for **Strawberries. Vegetables** easily canned in glass cans. **Pickles** never spoil. Earned **first premium** at 12 State Fairs. In use 11 years. Thousands use and praise it. **10c.** worth (two packages) will put up 7 quarts fruit Send for Club rates. **Agents wanted.**

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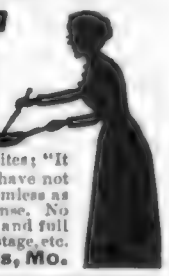

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Mr. Hugo Horn, 334 E. 65th St., New York City, writes: "It reduced my weight **40** lbs. three years ago, and I have not gained an ounce since." Purely vegetable, and harmless as water. Any one can make it at home at little expense. No starving. No sickness. We will mail a box of it and full particulars in a plain sealed package for 4 cts. for postage, etc.
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EGGS HOT

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PARTY FROCKS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

(Described on page 19.)

THE APPLE OF PARIS

THE CARE OF THE EYES.

TOO often in these days of bustle and hurry, and consequent nervous strain, the eyes, that should be bright and clear, are dull and bloodshot, set in hollow sockets, surrounded by crows' feet. This is frequently due to disease, but is too often the result of neglect. We give our eyes too much to do, we drive the willing horse to death, and then are surprised to find that collapse, total or partial, is the result. Short of this, neglect and misuse of the eyes will result in robbing a woman who should be in the heyday of youth and beauty, of even pretensions to good looks. A few simple precautions will do much to obviate such a state of affairs.

To begin with do not overwork the eyes. They are, perhaps, the most delicately organized of all the organs of the body, and the most readily strained. They also affect and are affected by the other organs of the body, nervous headache being one of the ailments most directly traced to overstrain of the eyesight. If one has constantly recurring attacks of this malady it is well to give the eyes for a time as little work and as much rest as possible.

Read less—sew less, especially by artificial light.

What does it profit a woman to have a new frock if her eyes are inflamed, the lids red, and the whites bloodshot? A frock that would otherwise be most becoming is simply a mockery and draws attention to the defect. How foolish then to sacrifice an intrinsic beauty to the adornment of a moment.

In going to bed at night or taking a nap by day, wet an old linen handkerchief in witch hazel, somewhat diluted, and lay it upon the lids. Bathe the eyes occasionally in cold water. This advice is not for seriously inflamed eyes, which require warm or hot water. It is more in the nature of a precaution and stimulant than a cure.

Massage the eyes occasionally. This will prevent and even cure wrinkles, if not of too long standing. The finger tips should be lightly moistened with some good cold cream, stroke at angles to the wrinkles. The temples should be massaged in the same manner. Much may be done, even where the wrinkles are deep and of long standing, by persistent and systematic observance of this treatment.

The sight itself, as well as the beauty, depends upon the condition of the lashes. If the eyes are not strong, subjected to over-strain, and neglected, the tendency of the lashes is to grow together in groups. The lids should then be rubbed thrice daily with a simple salve, and the lashes lightly groomed, so to speak. This will also tend to thicken their growth. It would be necessary, however, to apply to an oculist for such a salve.

The eyebrows, however, are more easily managed. If they are inclined to grow rough or bristly, daily stroking in the right direction will do much to smooth them. If too thin, use a little vaseline during this process, in order to stimulate their growth. This treatment is also said to darken them. Very little can be done to alter their direction. By nature they follow the arch of the bone of the eye socket, and any change, except, perhaps, for stage "make up," is highly undesirable.

An eye bath is a very useful and, in fact, necessary article in the care of the eyes. A proper bath can be given in no other way.

For styes, frequent hot water baths should be given until the matter has been entirely discharged. But this ailment usually indicates an unhealthy condition of the blood, so that to get at the root of the matter, the digestive apparatus must be set in order. The styes, however, indicate local weakness, as when the blood is impure the effort of nature is to throw off the poison through the weakest member. Poultices of tea leaves are recommended, and have certainly many remarkable cures to their credit, but the traditional use of the wedding ring is a relic of rank superstition and is of no practical value, except on the faith cure principle.

The fashionable veil, though so great a factor in neatness of appearance, and apparently so improving to the complexion, is a great menace to the eyesight.

The oculists say that these alone send women to them in droves. If, therefore, you must wear a veil, choose one as lightly made as possible, with as little pattern in the mesh as you can find, and above all avoid spots. Veils can be found with the spots so widely distributed that in adjustment no spot appears upon the field of vision. If fashion does not countenance this, so much the worse for the fashion. Be a little independent, and do not ruin your eyesight for a lifetime for the sake of a passing mode. You can make up for such a defection by taking care to be perfectly up-to-date in every other regard. A little individuality, however, is as valuable in matters of dress as in every other question, and even with those who regard the toilet as the supreme interest of life, a certain distinction is given by not following the general mode too closely, but altering, adjusting, modifying to suit the individual type.

At the sea side, a pair of smoked glasses is of great assistance, and obviates in a considerable degree, the dreaded crow's-feet. The constant glare on the water and the beach, caused by the brilliant sunlight, is very trying, and a fruitful cause of wrinkles. The oculists oppose the use of these, in general, on the same ground as they disapprove the use of the reading glass—that it is at best a crutch, but that one learns to depend upon it, and is then unwilling to give it up.

With all due respect to the learned gentlemen, I beg to differ in some small degree. The vanity of woman, which leads her to adopt the smoked glass in the beginning, will also stop her wearing it when its usefulness is past. The glasses should not, however, be of that cheap variety to be picked up in a department store. They should be obtained from a reliable optician, who, one may be sure, will charge a reasonable price. A warp or defect in the glass will do untold injury, so this advice should be carefully followed.

The so general practice of reading in bed is very injurious. The scientists tell us that the adjustment of the focus necessary in the recumbent position, is very unnatural, and a severe strain on the best of sight. It is questionable at least, if the intentions of the electricians are to be looked upon in the light of improvements. The particular device, enabling one to read in bed, and turn out the light without rising, is a more than doubtful advantage. It is rather an encouragement to evil-doers.

It is very desirable that the bedroom should be thoroughly darkened during sleep. Close the blinds, draw down the shades in every window not required for ventilation. Have green shades, if possible, in addition, if not in place of those of a lighter color, and use them in screening the afternoon nap. Do not sleep with a night light, and if one is required in case of illness, screen it carefully. These precautions are of incalculable value. The eye is a "willing horse," as has been said above, and the light shining upon it during sleep, is the spur urging it on to further and unnecessary exertion.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER,

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 54 years—no other has—and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient): "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*" One bottle will last six months, using it every day. **GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.**

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Complexion Cream

FOR MASSAGE TREATMENT.

Gives the skin the rosy glow of youth. Prevents wrinkles, removes blackheads, pimples and freckles, and keeps the skin plump and healthy by purifying and feeding the underlying tissues. *Perfectly pure. Absolutely harmless.* Used by best masseurs. Sample jar by mail on receipt of 25c.

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The Medicated CROUP Necklace or Amulet.

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I will mail any lady or gentleman a package of my Beauty Producer, in a plain sealed package, for 4 cents, to pay postage, packing, etc. It acts quickly, is perfectly safe and will remove Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Rash, Blackheads, etc., and makes the skin clear and beautiful. Add Mrs. JOSEPHINE LE BLARE, Dept. 123 St. Louis, Mo.

Hardens the gums—cleanses, preserves and beautifies the teeth—sweetens the breath. No powder or liquid to spill—most convenient package to carry or use. **At all Druggists 25c.**

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SUMMER FROCKS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

(Described on page 19.)

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THE SWELLEST GARMENTS ever designed for stylish dressers. Made of mackintoshed union covert. Tan and Oxford Gray. Always to order and to measure. All kinds of fancy coverts, also heptovette or SHOWER PROOF cloth. Prices up to $25. All kinds of special order storm garments. See Ladies' Supply Co. trade mark on each hanger. Skirts or capes $2.50 each.

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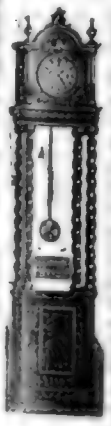
Factory close-out sale on these most quaint and artistic



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The Berkeley Hall is 5½ ft. high and retails for $45.00; the Josephine is 4½ ft. high and retails for $35.00. *As I am discontinuing their manufacture* I offer Berkeley Hall at **$20.00**, Josephine at **$15.00**, freight prepaid. Money back if not pleased. *Order to-day, for this is a rare bargain.*

A. LINN MURRAY,
Manufacturer, **GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.**

Page 34 shows some of my work.

Please mention PICTORIAL REVIEW when writing to advertisers.

THE HOUSE WIFE.

THE care of the ice box is very imperfectly understood by most cooks. Regular supervision by the mistress of the household is very necessary. A new idea is that thorough cleaning twice a week is not only unnecessary but positively wasteful. The argument is that the frequent scalding wastes the ice. It is quite sufficient if the inside of the refrigerator be thoroughly cleaned once a month with scalding water, in which a liberal quantity of soda has been dissolved. A large lump of charcoal should be kept in each compartment, a special division to be kept for cream, milk and butter. If this system be observed, great care must be exercised in putting away the food, to use vessels sufficiently large that nothing shall be spilled. If, however, that should happen, wipe out at once with a wet cloth. The glass-lined refrigerators are the best, but as these are very expensive, they are not within the reach of everyone.

Finger marks on painted or enameled wood may be removed without injury to the surface, if a flannel cloth, moistened with kerosene oil, be rapidly passed over the surface. This treatment is very good also for varnished wood exposed to the weather, and to remove old dirt so ingrained that the ordinary dusting will not serve.

It occasionally happens that an accident befalls a tablecloth that absolutely must be used again without time for laundering. Any ordinary stains may be treated in the following way: Leave the cloth on the table, slipping a shallow bowl under the stained portion, allowing it to sag slightly into the vessel Pour boiling water over the stain again and again until it entirely disappears. Have ready a very hot iron, and press the spot until perfectly dry, the bowl having been, of course, removed. Even claret stains, the very worst of all, will usually yield to this treatment.

All outer garments, whether masculine or feminine, are kept in far better condition by being placed on frames before being put away.

For coats the ordinary "shoulder" is quite sufficient, taking care to choose the style narrowing toward the middle, as the other sort are apt to stretch the garment just below the collar, causing an unsightly wrinkle in even the best fitting garment. These useful articles are only five cents each, so they come within the means of almost anyone. The ordinary "shoulder" may also be utilized for skirts. When designed for this use they must be bent decidedly downward, in order not to stretch the cloth at the hips. It is not, however advisable to use these for velvet skirts unless carefully padded, as the extremities are apt to mark the velvet.

* * *

Pique and duck skirts are much nicer if laundered without starch. The garments should be ironed on the wrong side while wet, with a very hot rather heavy iron. If ironed according to the grain of the stuff, the skirt is less apt to stretch, even if made on a circular model. If the ironing board be well padded, the pattern or cording will stand out with excellent effect.

Silk or pongee, however, should be allowed to dry thoroughly before ironing, and great judgment must be exercised in order not to scorch the garment. If ironed while wet, silk becomes hard and stiff and loses its lustre. For any corded material, or any raised pattern, the thicker the padding of the ironing board the better the result.

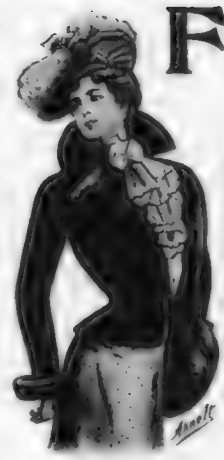
Water has a preservative office as well as a cleansing. Brooms should be given an occasional soaking, and if so treated will last twice as long. This treatment is also beneficial for wicker furniture, if not varnished or enameled, and is very desirable for those expensive little French trunks, the canvas cover, the locks and hinges being removed. These last are so expensive that the extra care is fully warranted.

* * *

In doing over lace, there are several easier methods than the traditional one of sewing upon a flannel-covered bottle. In the first place it is very unwise for an inexperienced person to attempt to clean "real" lace of any value. This is a task for a person making the handling of such frail valuables a profession. But the fancy imitations and machine made laces are often to be greatly freshened by a little soap and water. Use only white, pure soap, of some standard make.

The lace should be plunged in lukewarm suds, and any very bad spots may be soaped. The lace should not be rubbed but "soused" gently up and down. When thoroughly clean rinse in several lukewarm waters. If the lace has been of an ecru tint, and has lost something of its color, make a weak solution of dye and bring to the desired color. Tea and coffee, which are often recommended for this purpose, will give an equally good color, but the lace never loses their individual odor. If a dead white or bluish white is desired, use a little liquid bluing. To dry lace wring first in a Turkish towel, then pull gently with the finger tips until nearly or quite dry. This treatment is only possible with the rather heavy laces. Those mounted on frail net will not wash well, as the weight of the water alone breaks the delicate mesh of the foundation. Naphtha or gasoline will sometimes serve, but is not to be depended upon.

Some laces, such as black Chantilly of a rather good quality, are improved by pressing on the wrong side while still damp, as this, in a measure, restores the dressing and gives the lace a fresh, crisp appearance without stiffness.



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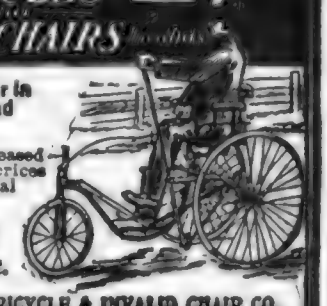

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THE INTERIOR OF THE HOME.

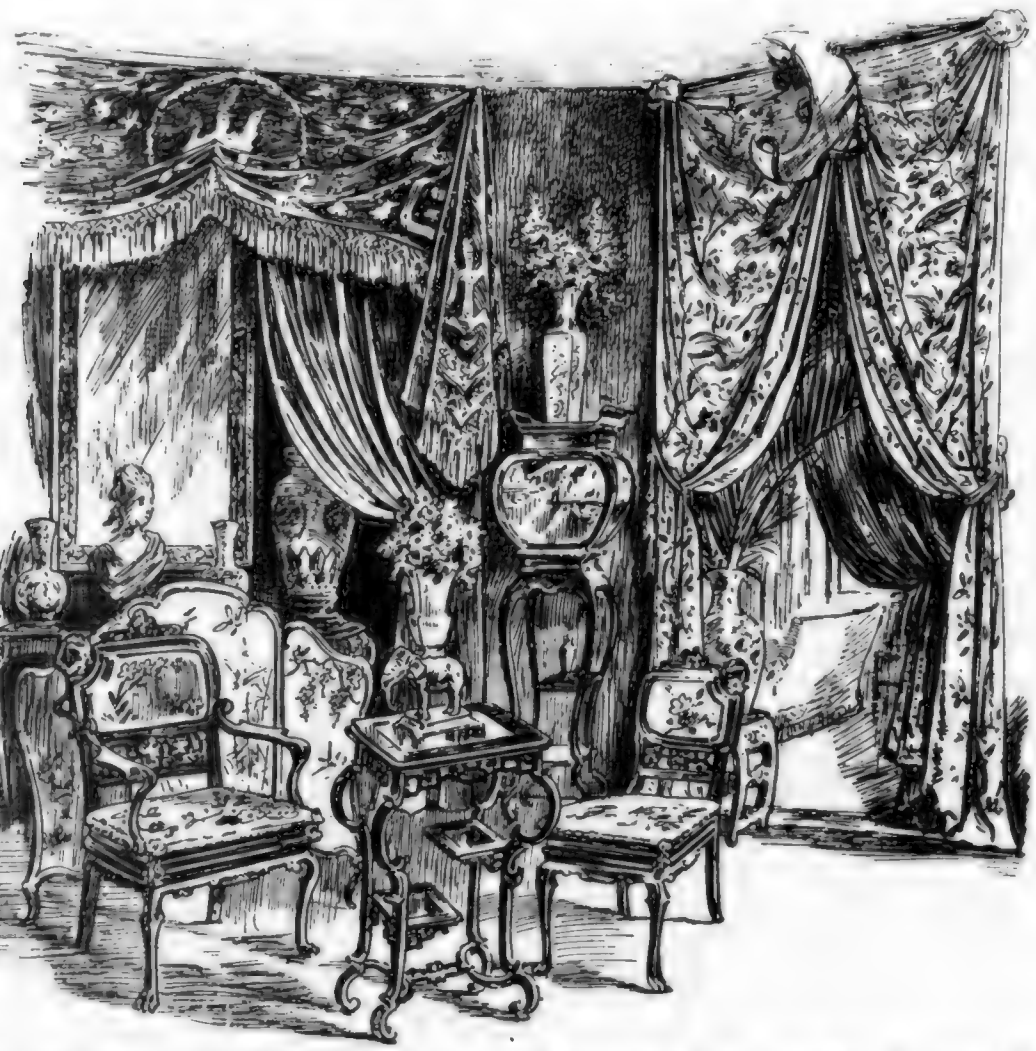
SUGGESTIONS FOR COZY CORNERS AND HINTS FOR THE SUMMER PIAZZA.

ORIGINAL ideas for the interior decoration of the home are always welcome to the admirer of the artistic and beautiful, and everything that has the least element of novelty and elegance is eagerly taken up. The accompanying illustrations will, therefore, be doubly welcome to all our gentle readers who wish to make their home one of attraction, mingled with that little *soupçon* of coquetry to which the masculine mind is so susceptible.

There has lately been quite a preference manifested for hangings embroidered in quaint and odd designs suggestive of China and Japan, which form graceful draperies over doors and windows, and the same preference is shown for furniture and bric-a-brac of Oriental origin. Wherever we turn we find ourselves face to face with horrible dragons of bronze or other metal, also animals of all kinds, one more hideous than the other, which have a great monetary value, but the artistic beauty of these *objets d'art* is surely open for debate.

Personal taste in many cases will suggest trifling changes, or an idea here and there may be taken as a basis for the development of dainty and attractive works.

The larger illustration shows the arrangement of portières for a door and an attractive drapery over a mirror. The portières are a peculiar shade of turquoise-blue silk embroidered in a floral pattern with delicate and harmonizing colors in which pink, lilac and green are artistically combined. It is certainly a fact that the Japanese are past masters in the art of choosing colors and tints, and for this reason they evolve



such perfect specimens of embroidery. The portières are tied back with heavy cord and directly in the center over the door is an ornamental metal crescent entwined with rather a creepy-looking snake, possibly suggestive of the evil serpent that may be looking in this cosy Eden. The entire aspect is decidedly Parisian, as far as the shape of table and chairs is concerned, even though they are made of costly Oriental woods handsomely inlaid.

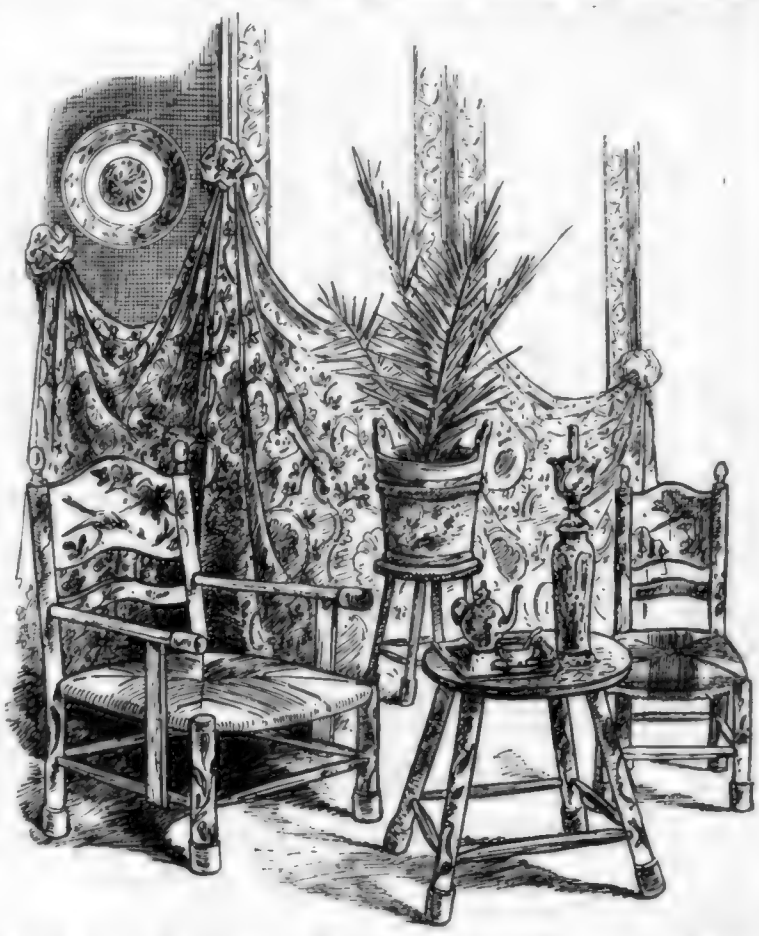
So much for our winter drawing-room, now for our summer piazza.

In building a really wise woman first builds her piazza, and allows any room which remains after that to be devoted to the house proper. So, also, in furnishing, the far-seeing hostess furnishes her piazza, and if she is fortunate to have any money left devotes it to interior decoration. For the piazza is the important part of the summer house.

It is to be hoped that it is a broad and noble piazza, extending around at least three sides of the house, because only a piazza of this kind is capable of affording great delight to a large party. On one side enthusiastic politicians may discuss the possible and impossible effects of Prince Henry's visit to the United States and the glad hand extended to us in friendship from across the sea, while on the opposite side the daughter of the house may be serving tea and gossiping. And still there is left the front piazza upon which the mothers of the neighborhood discuss their pet questions: servants and babies.

A nice little cozy corner for a piazza is illustrated in the smaller cut, because you know piazzas are sometimes draughty, and the prettily arranged drapery may be of burlap or of some of the many thin and gauzy stuffs that are manufactured just for summer cottages. This little corner is just for two, and will answer admirably for love and kisses, or, perhaps, for the dainty and palatable breakfast with birds singing in the trees and flowers blooming near.

The gayer the piazza is the better, and much of this gaiety may be gained with a lavish display of cushions. These should be of two kinds, soft down ones for hammock siestas and substantial



floor ones. Both sorts should be covered with bright materials, or better yet, slip-covers of wash stuffs and cotton embroidery. The floor cushions might be covered with Indian grass cloth and other Oriental stuffs that are guaranteed impervious to dampness. They make a gorgeous showing and are cheap.

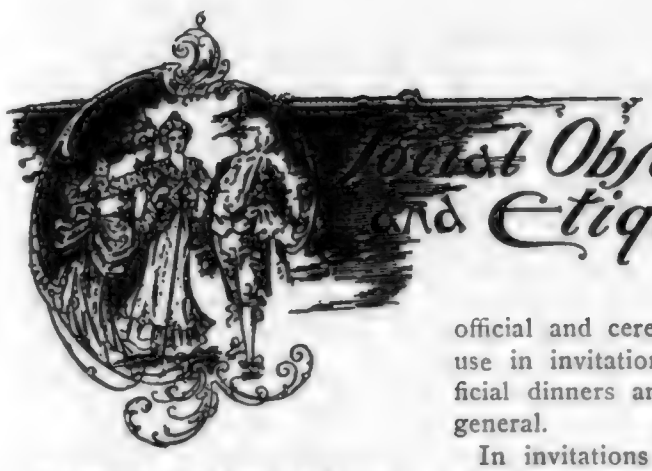
There is a tacit assumption to the effect that a summer home is not to be over-elaborate. The woman who decides to have a summer establishment should decide at the same time to run it with as little labor as possible, and so to give herself as much time for outdoor life as she can and as much freedom from her usual cares because it is assumed that, being a sensible woman, she has neither brought a retinue of servants with her nor determined to be in herself a force of domestic retainers.

* * *

UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE.

When it comes to a question of upholstered furniture there are certain forms of divans and sofas which may be all upholstered and be very comfortable and luxurious. Just at present brass and enamel beds are preferred, for the reason that they are cleanly, and to go back to the form of bed that Madame Pompadour and the Countess Du Barry used would be decidedly unpopular.

In the later period of Louis XV the favorites of the King upholstered everything, not by the dictates of taste or good style, but actuated purely by extravagance. Frequently in the style of Louis XIII woodwork is entirely covered with fabric. In the time of Louis XIV, XV and XVI, where wood carving and wood decoration were prevalent, frames were left exposed and the fabric application was confined to the paneling.



Social Observances and Etiquette.

WRITTEN INVITATIONS.

WRITTEN invitations enter largely into the every-day lives of most of us—formal and informal invitations, friendly and ceremonious ones alike. Invitations may be divided into those given by letters and those given by cards. The former are by far the most numerous, as the latter, with the exception of afternoon At Home invitations, only come into force on the occasion of large or important functions. Large dinners and banquets, balls and dances, evening parties and receptions, garden parties, afternoon At Homes and invitations to weddings—all these are issued upon cards according to the nature of the entertainment, with the exception of weddings when engraved notes or cards are used. Written invitations are usual as regards small dinner parties, luncheon parties, theater parties and country-house parties. When possible, without appearing too pretentious, cards are employed versus engraved letters by those who entertain frequently.

Written invitations to friends naturally require no set form of words, as they vary in expression according to the relations of the writers to each other, and also in a measure, according to circumstances. Thus one friend might say, "Jack and I want you both to dine with us on the 27th, at a quarter to eight; do come, we shall have a cheery little dinner," etc. And another might write, "I wonder if you and your husband will be able to dine with us on the 14th; so sorry I could not ask you earlier, but have only just heard that Arthur and his wife are in town," etc. This description of invitation requires no forethought as to how it shall be expressed; it writes itself, as it were; it flows from the pen without effort. Again, formal invitations to dinner, though widely removed from the foregoing, are equally easy in construction, providing the stereotyped phrase of "Will you and Mr. Blank give us the pleasure of your company at dinner on," etc., is adhered to.

This is almost universally accepted as the correct form of dinner invitation between friends and acquaintances on a semi-ceremonious footing. "The honor of your company" appears upon dinner cards, but not in written invitations, as it is more official and ceremonious, and is in use in invitations to banquets, official dinners and large dinners in general.

In invitations to luncheon—even between slight acquaintances—"The pleasure of your company" is not the expression in force, and these invitations are always informally worded, because were the usual dinner invitation phrases made use of people might suppose that dinner was intended and feel proportionately disappointed when the word luncheon was arrived at. Broadly speaking, there are no actual set phrases in which to invite to luncheon, and circumstances decide what should be said even in the case of comparative strangers. If a gentleman is to be invited the wording is regulated, in a measure, by the position and occupation—if a busy man or a man of leisure. To the one might be said: "If disengaged, will you come to luncheon with us on Saturday, the 24th inst., at 1.30," or, "Perhaps you would come to luncheon with us on the 21st inst. if disengaged"; and to a man not particularly occupied, an invitation might run: "We should be very pleased to see you at luncheon on Monday, the 25th, if not previously engaged," or, "If not otherwise engaged will you come to luncheon with us on Wednesday, the 25th, at 1.30?" Similar phrases are in force between people, however friendly, when writing invitations to luncheon, only that they have a more cordial setting, that is, they commence and end with more warmth of expression than is employed between those who are comparative strangers, and run somewhat in this style: "As I have not seen you for centuries I do so wish you and your husband would come to luncheon on Wednesday, the 21st, if disengaged," etc., or "I very much wish you and your sister would come to luncheon on Monday next, the 21st, at 1.30, it is so difficult to meet otherwise," etc. The more formal invitation to luncheon is after this fashion: "I should be very glad to see you and Mr. Jones at luncheon on Wednesday, the 25th, at 1.30, if disengaged."

It is perhaps needless to urge the prompt sending of an answer to all invitations, self-respect and a sense of honor should require it of all. Those who entertain frequently know too well the greater convenience of receiving prompt answers ever to be guilty of withholding them, and those who do not entertain at all ought to be even more particular, if possible, in promptly replying.

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OUR CHILDREN'S PAGE.

BILLIEBOY IN THE COUNTRY.

YOU see Father and Mother went to Europe last summer, and we went to Grandmamma's. I never had more fun in my life, but we had a few accidents.

We didn't know at first whether we were going there or not. Grandmamma would not have Marie, and I don't blame her. When we were there once before for a week without Mother, and Grandmamma told us to do anything Marie would say, "Madame does not allow it." That made Grandmamma mad, and she sent us back before we had meant to go. We had come for a fortnight. I don't know how long a fortnight is, but I know it's longer than a week.

Grandmamma said that if we came she would take care of us, and have a nurse beside, but Marie she would not have.

At first Mamma didn't know what to do. "They'll learn that fearful accent down there, James," she said.

"The children will be perfectly safe in my mother's care," he said, and you could see he was mad about something.

"I didn't mean that, James," said mother, "but I was afraid——"

"It will do them good to run wild for a while," said father. "I feel sorry for the poor little rascals, trailed all day by that French woman."

At any rate, they settled we were to go. Father and Marie took us down, and Marie cried when she went away. We didn't cry at all, and Marie ended by calling us "cold, heartless little creatures, with no feeling."

It was lovely at Grandmamma's. She got us a nurse. She got us Louisa. Louisa is a good sort. She didn't bother us much—not like Marie, who was a fearful fusser. Louisa washed and dressed us every morning and then let us alone. She only bathed us once a week until Grandmamma found it out, and then we had to have our bath every day, as we used to.

I used to get another bath beside but Louisa didn' know that. Grandmamma didn't know. Nobody knew but the boys. There was a big swimming hole in the brook, away down the old road that's closed up, and the big boys let me learn to swim. They began by throwing me in, but a big fellow named Tom, most twelve years old, taught me how to float and tread water, and after that I got on all right. Nobody found out about it all summer, until one of the boys rolled in a bed of poison ivy, all wet, without any clothes on, and he was awful sick. He pretty nearly died. That was one of the accidents, but the summer was most over when that happened, and it was getting too cold to swim anyway, so it didn't make so much difference.

Of course, to do that I had to sneak away from Louisa, but that wasn't much trouble. She had a beau, who was one of the farm hands, and she used to go down where he was working, and there was no fun for me about that. Plowing is awful slow. Betsy (that's my sister, you know—Betsy's not her real name, we only call her that for fun), well, she used to go with her sometimes, but generally she would rather play around the house. She had a lot of pets, little chickens, and a goat that could butt her over, and that she could drive in a little runabout, and a kitten, and a big dog named Buster. I named him. Betsy named the kitten. She named him Billy, the Mousehound, after "Little Mose." I told her Billy was a bear, and the Mousehound was a dog, but she said she didn't care.

Rainy days we used to play in the garret, and those days Dicky Peters used to come over from the next place. As there was another Dicky in the crowd I traveled with, we most generally called this one Pete. And telling about the garret makes me think of the worse accident we had all summer. I don't generally mind those things much, after they are over, and I have been settled with, but this one made me feel so bad that I didn't go into the garret for weeks and weeks, 'most a month, I guess. All the rainy days after that I stayed in the kitchen and teased old Deborah.

The day the accident happened was the day after Aunt Allegra came home from a visit. I love Aunt Allegra dearly, and as it came on to rain in the afternoon, the day she came home, too late to get Pete, we just stuck to Aunt Allegra like burrs, and made her tell us stories. Sometimes she made up stories, but that day she said she was too tired after her journey, so she told us two or three old ones, and then she read us one out of a poetry book.

Grandmamma came in while she was reading and said, "I wouldn't read them that, Allegra. They are too young to digest it." I thought you only digested food, but that's what Grandmamma said. Aunt Allegra had finished reading then, and we didn't understand it anyway. I didn't understand it, and Betsy didn't understand it. I asked her. So Aunt Allegra told it to us.

It was about a lady named Ginevra. I remember the name because there is a little girl named that in our dancing class. She is horrid, I think, but Betsy loves her. She got married, the lady in the story, I mean, and after the wedding all the people said they would play hide-and-go-seek, which I think was very funny for grown-up people. They sent Betsy and me to bed, when we tried to play, after Aunt Ida was married.

Well, anyway, they all ran away to hide, and Ginevra ran off by herself, which was funny, too, because Uncle Jack, that's who Aunt Ida married, would hardly leave her a minute. I know Mamma was mad about it when Aunt Ida had to change her dress to go off for her wedding journey. He kept standing at the door asking if she wasn't ready yet, until they were all most wild.

Well, Ginevra went off, and looked and looked for a good place to hide, but all the good "bunks" were taken, so she went and climbed into a big trunk. Well, all those people hunted and hunted for days and days, and they couldn't find Ginevra. I expect her husband was worse than Uncle Jack. But you never could guess what happened. That trunk had a patent lock, and she was fastened in, and she fainted, and couldn't make a noise, and when they did find her it was years and years afterward, and she was nothing but a skeleton, and they only knew her by her wedding dress and veil. I think that was an awful sad story, and I thought a good deal about it that night, and felt sorry for the people.

Well, the next morning it was still raining, and Dickie Peters came over in a carriage, all wrapped up because he has a weak throat, and we all went up in the garret to play. We played robbers, and pirates, and soldiers. We burned up Betsy in a fort with all the dolls, and Buster, and Billy the Mousehound, only we didn't have real fire, of course. That was fun, but after a while we got tired of it. Then we ran the music-box backward. Everything sounds awful funny that way. You wouldn't even know Yankee Doodle played backward, unless you saw the name on the roll.

Aunt Allegra sent Louisa up several times but we sent her away. She would go away when we sent her. She is not at all like Marie. Well, we played Punch and Judy, and dressed up in some of Grandmamma's and Aunt Louisa's clothes, and acted on a little theater that my Uncle Sam made when he was not much bigger than me. But we had played all these things before, and we then looked about for something new. There was the old chest that used to belong to my great-grandfather, that he brought from England, and that Grandmamma sometimes used to store away furs, and it just struck me that we could play Ginevra.

Betsy said she had to have a wedding dress, so she pinned a piece of mosquito netting over her head for a veil, while Peter and I threw the things out of the cedar-lined chest. It was fortunate it was unlocked.

Then Betsy said she had to have a train. Ladies always had them when they got married, she said. We didn't have anything that would do, so I went down and got a towel from the spare room. Betsy pinned this round her waist, and it trailed after her on the floor.

Then we helped her in. She was too little to get in alone. Billy, the Mousehound, saw it was a new game and jumped in after her. Then we shut down the lid and latched and bolted it on the outside, with the funny little brass hooks and bolts. We had decided to run down stairs and pretend to look for her, and then come back, so as to make it more lifelike.

Meanwhile it had stopped raining, but we didn't know that until we went down stairs, and there was the sun shining like anything, and Tom just coming up the road to get us to go down to the swimming hole. Pete and I started right along with him. Pete's family watched him, and took care of him so, that he was just crazy to get away and have some sport.

When we got to the swimming-hole, we found a big raft of logs tied together with ropes, that the big boys had made that morning. We played pirates on that and it was a heap more fun than in the garret.

All this time Buster acted very queer. Generally he enjoyed the fun as much as anyone, but that day he whined and started on the road home and came back and whined again. I thought he must be sick, but we were having such fun that I didn't pay much attention. Finally, he went back to the house and I forgot all about him.

After a while, when it was quite late, Pete fell off the raft, and as he couldn't swim, Tom and the other big boys jumped in and got him, and that was fun, too, playing at life-saving. Pete cried and wouldn't even let us roll him on a barrel, which everyone knows is the proper thing to do after being drowned. We didn't have a barrel, but a log would do just as well, but Pete wouldn't do it. He ran off home, and all the boys called him "cry baby."

I felt kind of bad, as I knew he had a weak throat, but just then I saw Louisa coming for me. First I thought I would hide, and then I saw her face was all swelled and her eyes red, and then I remembered Betsy.

I never waited for Louisa to speak but I ran back as fast as I could go. I could hear her calling after me, "You wicked boy! You have killed your sister."

I had the most terrible pain where my heart is, and I thought I would die too. The kitchen door was the first I came to, and I ran in that way. There, on the table, lay poor Billy, the Mousehound, stiff, with his poor eyes half shut. Deborah was bending over him, with her face all swollen, and her eyes red like Louisa's.

I must have noticed all this because I remembered it after, but at the time all I thought about was getting up to Betsy. Aunt Allegra came out on the landing, and told me the doctor was there, and I must be quiet. Then she went back. I went and sat down on the top step, feeling that awful pain all the time. Buster came and whined a little softly, and then lay down with his head on my knee.

After a long time Aunt Agatha came out and said that Betsy was out of danger, but that I must keep very still. I ran right down to the kitchen crying like anything, and Deborah sat down in her big rocking chair and took me in her lap, while Buster stood on his hind legs, pawing me and whining. Deborah is a good, kind woman. I like Deborah, but she won't let Louisa come into her kitchen. Then the Mousehound lifted up his head and gave a feeble little purr, from the basket where Deborah had put him, and it seemed as if a big load had rolled right off my heart.

But I musn't forget to tell that it was Buster that saved Betsy. When he left me at the swimming hole he ran back to the house, whining and coaxing everyone. Grandmamma and Aunt Allegra were out driving, and no one paid much attention to him till he went to Deborah. Deborah always had a high opinion of Buster. She says he has good judgment, and now she thinks so more than ever. It came awfully near to our play turning out like the story. They say Betsy would really have died if the chest had not had a lot of auger holes bored in it by my father when he was a little boy. He was severely punished for it, which shows how unjust some punishments are. You see, by boring those holes, he saved Betsy's life.

They wouldn't let me in to see her till the next morning, and then she forgave me. I cried again, she looked so pale. She said it was funny in the chest. It felt as if her nose and mouth were full of fur.

Grandmamma kept Louisa, though Aunt Allegra did not want her to stay, and I know Deborah didn't think she ought to, because she told me so. But after that Louisa paid us a great deal of attention, and Grandmamma wouldn't let Aunt Allegra read us any stories until she had read them first.

Dickie Peters didn't have any cold at all, though they put him right to bed, and kept him in the house a week. I think it must be a mistake about his throat.

E. THAIN.

THE VALET, THE EARL AND THE AMERICAN GIRL.

We were just about to leave Malta for Sicily. As we descended one of the narrow and steep staircases which serve the Maltese as streets, we met an hotel acquaintance, who stopped to wish us *bon voyage*.

"You'll get a tossing," said he. and we did. But of that "more anon," as the tragedians say.

We amused ourselves during the brief delay before the departure of our ship, by watching the disembarking of a lot of cattle from a vessel lying close by. This was done in the most primitive way, by making fast a rope to the horns of the poor animal and lowering it by means of a windlass to the small boat alongside. Occasionally, one of the beasts would struggle and fall into the water, and then there was a great time to get it out. No one seemed to think the cruelty of this anything remarkable.

Presently we were off, and I, for one, was not sorry. The sterility of the island, added to the poverty of the inhabitants, the monotony of the architecture in Valetta, the lack of historic remains in any great number, and above all, the terrible and continual reminder of war upon every hand, combines to render this island very depressing to the ordinary sight-seer.

We were out of the harbor in fifteen minutes after raising anchor, and immediately began the predicted "tossing,' which was, in fact, to endure all night. I am a wretched sailor, but bore up for several hours. The vessel, however, continuing to bound about like a cork upon the billows. I was obliged, at length, to give in and seek my berth. I was informed upon credible authority, that out of some hundred odd passengers, the party at dinner consisted of six persons, one of whom retired before the end of the meal.

For some reason, to me, at least, unknown, I have gained the reputation for extreme fondness for the society of the other sex, and it was probably with a view to aggravate my sufferings, that Susie burst in upon me at midnight.

"Lots of people up on deck," said she. "We are going to stay up all night. There is a lovely young man up there. He has been talking to Auntie and me for an hour. He talks beautifully and his manners ——!" Words failed her to describe his manners and she paused for breath.

I turned in my berth and tried to sit up but fell back with a groan.

"I don't see how you stand it in this stuffy cabin. Why don't you try to come up on deck? I'm going back. I shall certainly be ill if I stay another moment," and off she went.

It must have been about three o'clock and I had fallen once more into a troubled slumber when Susie came back.

"It's lovely up stairs," she announced. "I've been walking up and down the deck with my young man. Auntie is asleep in the steamer chair. He's been all over the world. All the places we've been and millions more. He is certainly the most interesting talker! I'm going to ask him to call. He's English and I'm sure a lord or a duke or something. He's on his way back from India now. Who's that earl or marquis or something we heard was making this trip?" All this poured out in almost a single breath.

"For Heaven's sake," said I, fretfully, "go back to your earls and marquises and let me die in peace."

"You needn't be so cross about it," she answered provokingly. "You know you're only jealous because it isn't you." And with this parting shot, she disappeared.

It was barely daylight, when, feeling that the ship was no longer in motion, I crawled up on deck for my first glimpse of Syracuse. At the companionway I met Susie.

"I was just coming to look for you," said she. "He's been gone for an hour or so. I'm awfully anxious to see how he looks by daylight. He said he'd come back and I want to introduce you."

At this propitious moment appeared the individual under discussion, and immediately a nameless something in his general aspect made me "suspicion something," as our cook says. I glanced at Susie and saw that she fairly quailed under my derisive glance.

Before she had time to present her new friend, there emerged from the companionway an elderly, sandy-haired gentleman, decidedly the worse for wear.

"Saunders," said the new comer, sharply, "is verything ready for going ashore?"

Saunders' hand went mechanically to his hat.

"Yes, my lord," responded the "marquis" of Susie's dreams.

Tableau!

The sandy-haired old gentleman, who proved to be no less a personage than the Earl of Mount-Edgecombe, recognizing that there was something amiss, after an almost imperceptible pause, took himself off, followed by the gallant Saunders.

It is needless to state, I never got that introduction.

"Well," said Susie, not waiting to be attacked, but boldly taking the bull by the horns, "I'm an American, and I don't care what people do for a living so long as it's honest."

"All very well, my dear," I responded dryly, "but in that case, why did you not present the young man? Besides," I added, after a pause, "real, enthusiastic, patriotic Americans don't care such a lot for dukes, earls and marquises." Her remarks of last night still rankled in my memory.

We met that party again and again through Sicily, Saunders always en evidence, and in spite of Susie's avowed Americanism, she never could be gotten to recognize him. In vain my remarks on foreign snobbishness and the vulgarity of the upper classes in the treatment of their social inferiors, Susie airily explained that it was neither necessary or desirable to retain traveling acquaintances, especially young men. And though she professed herself as in love with Messina, we found her ready to leave after a stay of but two days, upon the arrival of the noble earl and his suite at the very hotel which sheltered our humble heads. And, moreover, upon the trip to Naples, when thank Heaven, the wind and waves favored our passage, Susie showed no tendency to make any friends whatever, though some delightful young Germans, counts and barons, no doubt, occupied the opposite places at dinner.

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DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUMMER.
(Illustrated on page 4.)

Fig. 439.—Shirt waist suit of figured lawn, trimmed with bands of plain lawn, tucked yoke and sleeve, yoke skirt, lace insertion. Pattern, waist, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 440.—Shirt waist suit of pongee, tucked, large sailor collar and double revers edged with embroidery, new sleeve. Pattern, waist, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 441.—Shirt waist suit of organdy, tucked in clusters, sleeves and flounce embroidered. Pattern, waist, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

DAINTY EFFECTS IN SILK WAISTS.
(Illustrated on page 6.)

Fig. 448.—Waist of cream peau de soie tucked in clusters, trimmed with moiré straps, buttoned tabs and appliqué peau de soie. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 449.—Waist of peau de soie or taffeta, box-plaits strapped with lace insertion or embroidery, jabot vest effect of dotted panne, embroidered revers. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 451.—Waist of tucked taffeta or peau de soie, plain yoke, bordered with embroidered strap, velvet ribbon. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 452.—Waist of tucked peau de soie or taffeta trimmed with lace insertion, berthe of dotted panne and Liberty silk, new sleeve. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 456.—Waist of cream peau de soie or taffeta, yoke of tucked diamonds and lace insertion, elbow sleeve. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

SUMMER SKIRTS OF TAFFETA.
(Illustrated on page 8.)

Fig. S145.—Taffeta skirt, triple flounce effect, panel front with inverted tucks, narrow moiré ribbon. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. S146.—Taffeta skirt, graduated tucked flounce, panel front trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. S147.—Taffeta or peau de soie skirt with inverted tucks and moiré strap trimming. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. S148.—Taffeta or peau de soie skirt, triple tucked flounces, narrow panel front, velvet ribbon. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. S149.—Taffeta or peau de soie skirt, deep yoke, panel front, trimming of narrow velvet ribbon. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

A FEW FANCY WAISTS.
(Illustrated on page 10.)

Fig. A.—Louis XV coat for housewear of Pompadour silk trimmed with lace and appliqué embroidery. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. B.—Fancy waist of water-blue Louisine trimmed with lace, velvet ribbon, and appliqué embroidery. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure 50 cents extra.

Fig. C.—Corsage for evening dress of lace, velvet, and accordion-pleated chiffon. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. D.—Corsage for evening wear trimmed with lace. Bolero of embroidered moiré antique. High girdle of velvet. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. E.—Fancy shirt waist of batiste, trimmed with lace beading, and square medallions of filet lace. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 75 cents extra.

SMART SHIRT WAIST SUITS.
(Illustrated on page 12.)

Fig. 436.—Shirt waist suit of mercerized gingham, tucked yoke, embroidered straps, skirt with tucked flounce. Patern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 437.—Shirt waist suit, pongee or mercerized linen, tucked in clusters, trimmed with embroidered straps or insertion. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 438.—Shirt waist suit, mercerized lawn, tucked waist trimmed in bolero effect, elbow sleeves, lace insertion, skirt trimmed with narrow ruffles. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

CHIC DEMI-TAILOR-MADES.
(Illustrated on page 14.)

Fig. 485.—Costume of brown cloth, Eton skirt jacket trimmed with fancy braid, extension vest and collar of moiré, flounce skirt. Pattern, jacket, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 486.—Costume of beige cloth, Eton jacket with extension vest of moiré, trimmed with fancy braid, skirt with wide tucks. Pattern, jacket, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 487.—Costume of mixed suiting, Eton skirt jacket with tucks, long turn-down collar of light cloth, moiré revers, skirt with wide tucks. Pattern, jacket, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

SIMPLE SILK WAISTS.
(Illustrated on page 16.)

Fig. 415.—Waist of taffeta or peau de soie with Gibson effect, trimmed with stitched straps, vest of contrasting color. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 416.—Waist of tucked taffeta, broad shoulder effect, trimmed with appliquéd velvet disks. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 417.—Waist of tucked taffeta, extension vest of contrasting color ornamented with buttons, stitched strap trimming. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 418.—Taffeta waist, yoke of taffeta straps joined wih fancy stitching, vest with narrow tucks. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

DAINTY SUMMER FROCKS.
(Illustrated on page 18.)

Fig. 766.—Frock of flowered silk and mousseline de soie. Skirt with yoke continued in straps on skirt and blouse. Gathered ruffles of mousseline edged with black velvet ribbon. Yoke of tucked mousseline and inserting. Pattern, blouse, 75 cents; skirt, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 767.—Gown of pale blue voile trimmed with black velvet ribbon and velvet coin spots. Box pleated skirt and blouse. Pattern, blouse, 75 cents; skirt, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 768.—Gown of grenadine laid in tucks and trimmed with lace and velvet ribbon. Pattern, blouse, 75 cents; skirt, 75.

GRACEFUL GOWNS FOR SUMMER WEAR.
(Illustrated on page 20.)

Fig. 769.—Gown of silver gray æolienne embroidered in self color, trimmed with Irish crochet lace, and straps of gray taffeta embroidered with French knots. Pattern, blouse, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra, each.

Fig. 770.—Gown of Wedgwood blue canvas, trimed with velvet ribbon and batiste embroidery. Pattern, blouse, 50 cents; skirt, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra, each.

Fig. 771.—Gown of lilac lansdowne, trimmed with tucks, appliqué, and violet velvet ribbon. Pattern, blouse, 50 cents; skirt, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra, each.

FROCKS FOR LITTLE GIRLS
(Illustrated on page 28.)

Fig. 779.—Frock of tobacco brown cashmere, laid in tucks and trimmed with rows of narrow brown velvet ribbon, in "baby" and half inch widths. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 780.—Frock of blue and white polka dotted mull, trimmed with inserting framing diamonds of the material itself laid in tucks. Flounce edged with rows of narrow blue satin ribbon. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 781.—Frock of navy-blue summer serge, trimmed with open black braid laid over scarlet cloth. Yoke of tucked white Louisine. Shoulders broadened with "Gibson" pleat. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 782.—Frock of cardinal red drap d'été. Skirt with lengthwise tucks allowed to flare. Hem finished with three rows half-inch velvet ribbon. Tucked blouse with pretty arrangement of stitched straps, and shaped berthe and cuffs of velvet. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

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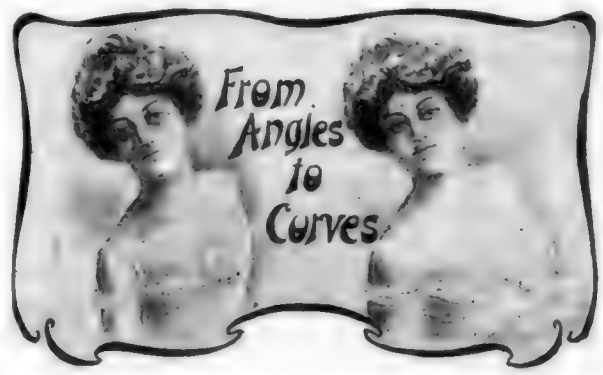

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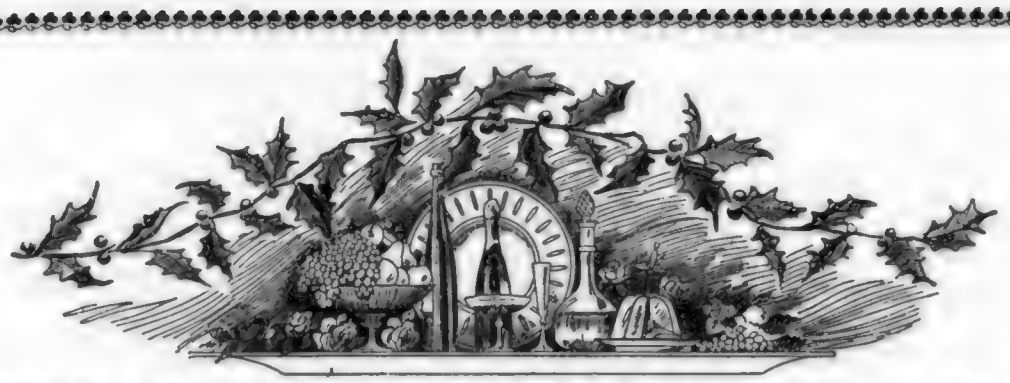

USEFUL AND TIMELY RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS.

Edited by LIA RAND, author of the "Philosophy of Cooking," etc.

A CHAPTER ON FISH.

FISH, on account of its abundance, cheapness, and wholesomeness is invaluable as an article of food. It contains but little fat, is easy of digestion and is especially adapted for those who draw largely on their nervous energy. If not perfectly fresh, thoroughly cleaned, and cooked, fish gets indigestible and sometimes poisonous. The flesh of good fish is firm and hard, and will rise at once when pressed with the finger. If the eyes are dull and sunken, the gills pale, the flesh soft and flabby, it is not good. To remove the scales, scrape with a small knife from the tail to the head. If the fish is to be served whole, do not remove the head and tail. It is easier to garnish if left on. All small fish, as smelts, etc., must be served with heads and tails left on. To bone a fish, clean and strip off the skin, lay it flat on a board. Begin at the tail to run the knife in under the flesh close to the bone. Scrape it away clean from the bone, holding the fish carefully, not to break the flanks. When boiled it can be served with whatever sauce you please—oyster, egg or lobster sauce poured into the places where the bones have been taken out. To boil fish: Fish should be thoroughly cooked, with little salt; you will know that it is done when by pulling the fins they come out easily, and when the fish floats in the pot. Taste the water and if not salt enough add a little more; and allow the fish to remain ten minutes longer in the water. Fish absorbs salt readily. Put in the water the fish is boiled in a few laurel leaves, an onion, a few grains of pepper, a couple of cloves, and a dash of vinegar. If the fish is to be served cold, take it out of the water when boiled, and when the water is cold put it back into it, leaving it there until it is to be served.

Smelts a la Tartare.

Clean the smelts thoroughly and drain. Salt well and dip them in beaten egg, then roll in bread crumbs. Fry in a basket plunged into boiling fat. These will cook through in about three minutes; place them on a sheet of blotting paper first to drain, then serve on a hot dish with a Tartare sauce.

Tartare Sauce.

Mix one tablespoon of vinegar, a teaspoon of lemon juice, one saltspoon of salt, and one tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce in a small bowl and heat over hot water. Brown one quarter of a pound of butter in a small frying pan and strain in the above hot mixture. Serve hot. This sauce is equally good for any boiled fish.

Baked Cod.

Clean the fish well, leaving the head and tail on, and wipe perfectly dry. Rub thoroughly with salt, then stuff with plain or oyster stuffing, and sew the fish together. Lay the fish in the pan in the form of the letter "S," and skewer into shape. Rub the fish well over with soft butter, salt and pepper, and dredge with flour. Put into a hot oven without water in the pan, baste often with melted butter. Serve hot with plain boiled potatoes.

Oyster Stuffing for the Above.

Season with salt, pepper, and grated onion, one-half pint of bread crumbs. Drain one pint of oysters and roll each oyster in the crumbs and fill the fish, placing small pieces of butter after each layer of the fixed oysters. All baked fish can be treated in the above way.

Swedish Fish Pudding.

Remove all the bones from three pounds of boiled fish pulled in small pieces. Then beat the yolks of seven eggs with two ounces of butter, one tablespoon of flour and one pint of cream to a froth. Pour over the fish, mix well, and season to taste. Beat the whites to a stiff snow and mix in. Put the mixture in a buttered dish and bake one hour. Serve with egg sauce.

Egg Sauce for Above Pudding.

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan; be careful not to let it become brown; when melted add the dry flour and mix well. Add one pint of hot water a little at a time and stir rapidly as it thickens. When perfectly smooth dredge into it half a teaspoonful of pepper and one teaspoonful of salt. When carefully made this sauce will be free from lumps; but if not perfect, strain, and add two hard boiled eggs chopped fine. Serve hot. This sauce can be used for boiled fish also.

Crimped Fish.

Soak slices of any firm white fish in very strongly-salted water. Put them into boiling salted water enough to cover, with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and boil about ten minutes. Drain, arrange on a dish, remove the skin and bones. Serve hot with lobster sauce poured into the cavity left by the bones. Garnish with watercress.

Lobster Sauce for the Above.

Prepare one pint of lobster meat and cut it in small dice. Put the inside and scraggy parts of the lobster in one and a half pints of cold water, and boil fifteen minutes. Strain and use the water in making one pint of drawn butter sauce. Add the lobster dice, a little red pepper and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Stir well together and serve hot. This sauce can be used for any boiled fish, or fish croquettes.

Fish Balls or Cakes.

Boil the fish, take out the bones and chop fine. To a pint of fish add eight potatoes, boiled and mashed fine. Mix together. Heat half a cup of milk with two tablespoonfuls of butter, pour over the fish mixture. Beat two whole eggs until light and frothy, and mix all together; then make balls or flat, small cakes. Fry in a frying basket set into a kettle of hot fat.

Fish Hash.

The same mixture as for fish cakes, cooked in a frying pan with small pieces of butter till brown, and turned out like an omelet. This makes a very nice breakfast dish.

Salmon Cutlets.

Remove the skin and bone from some slices of salmon, one-half inch thick; trim them into shape; sprinkle on pepper, salt and flour and dip them into beaten egg mixed with a little chopped parsley; then bread-crumb them. Fry in a frying basket plunged into boiling lard. Arrange them around the outside of a hot dish and pour tartare sauce in the center. These cutlets can be made of cod or halibut also.

Lobster Croquettes.

To the meat of a well boiled lobster chopped fine add salt, pepper, powdered mace, two tablespoonfuls of well-beaten butter and as much bread crumbs as you have lobster meat. Add a raw egg and beat all well together. Set this mass in the ice-box. When thoroughly chilled, wet your hand, and form croquettes, dip them in egg, roll them in cracker dust and fry in hot fat. Serve hot with a well made tomato sauce.

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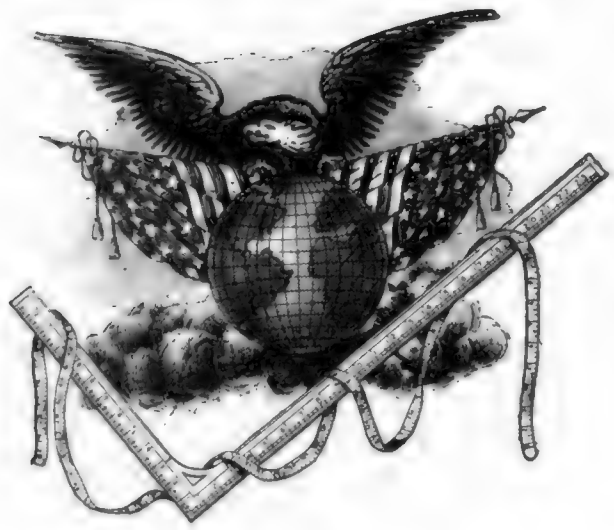

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Love Comes by Understanding.

By RICARDA BRYANT.

NOT far from the Mall in Central Park, along one of the shady paths, that, at the moment was deserted because all flocked to hear the music that the band was discoursing, walked a man and woman engaged in lively conversation. The path was far enough away from the music that its strains were heard but indistinctly, a bar or two of some march or dance, or again the full chords of some classic. All these various snatches could be combined into a symphony composed by Nature, or could be likened to life itself in which the sweet and the sad, the gay and the sorrowful were strangely mingled into a sweet medley, sometimes rounded off and sometimes a melody without beginning or end that made one strangely thoughtful and sad and just a little melancholy. As an undertone to all this came the indistinct sound of the passing wagons on Fifth avenue, broken off and on by the clang of the bells of the electric cars.

The two young people had wandered into this solitude, not so much from the desire of being alone because they were lovers, but because they did not wish to be disturbed in their eager and lively conversation. Although they paused suddenly in their slow walk and, bending toward each other let their lips touch, no one would have taken them to be lovers, because the kiss was so dainty, so light, so fleeting, and given with such smiling, clear precision that it was a real little work of art. The young woman said gayly: "It is charming to kiss just for fun," and then added with grave questioning: "It is merely fun, is it not?" and he cried with a merry laugh, "How could it be serious?" and then they looked at each other with smiling eyes like two children who are satisfied at the success of some prank.

The path slowly ascended and at its topmost point stood a bench on which our two young people seated themselves. Before them the city stretched out, the increasing darkness brightened by a light here and there, and above them the sky spread, glorious with the changing hues of an autumnal sunset. On either side were large groups of trees that stood out darkly against the bright sky, their leafy tops swaying and nodding and sighing in the breeze. A few clouds floated slowly and majestically across the horizon and the silence round about deepened with every moment. "Nature is singing a lullaby, soft and low," they both said, as they once more took up the thread of conversation which had dealt with the freedom of the spirit and the force of passion.

"It is wrong," she averred, "to praise the faithfulness of animals, to declare that they always return to their master, even if he treats them most cruelly, to speak with compassion of some animal that has died of grief on his master's grave, or to hold up such cases as examples of constancy not often found even among the human race. All this is only a proof of slavery, entirely unworthy of mankind. The heart must never be laid in fetters by love, but it must be carried along by love, lightly and daintily, like a flower on a stream."

The young man listened with some enthusiasm and agreed with her views.

"I have been in love, very often, but never longer than four weeks with the same girl," he said. "I will never marry unless I find a woman who will regard a union in the same light I do—as a daring but poetical joke, to be dropped when it gets stale, or one is tired laughing at it."

Only a human being is able to make love a play—child's play—in which there is no profit or loss, merely a feeling of exuberance that could not be controlled, but found expression in melodious singing and jubilance. The brain contains a winged spirit that carries mankind up into the pure heights, but the heart is always ready to drag this spirit down with leaden weights. Everybody should strive to make of love a thing separate and by itself and not permit it to attach itself firmly in the heart, it should be an ever-blooming flower, but a flower that can be renewed at will.

Nothing is more remarkable than when people fall in love over and over again and then act as if no one ever before had experienced or ever again would experience such emotions. Everyone who has been in love knows that these feelings accompanied such emotions, but the knowing ones regarded it with a good-humored smile.

"Of course, one must be able to distinguish the strength that can end at any moment," she said thoughtfully, after a pause, "from the weakness that never really begins. Only those voices are able to enthrall us whose softest notes give an indication of latent passion and virility, and in just such manner those emotions that we know may develop at any moment into a whirlwind of strength and passion can really hold us. The elements can play softly and tenderly, but can also change in a very short time into storm, flood and destruction."

A slight shiver passed over both, for although summer was only just over and the air still balmy and mild, a cool breeze now and again proclaimed the approach of autumn. A sudden chill, like a cold breath, caused them to draw closer to each other as if seeking warmth. When they looked, with a gentle smile, into each others faces he said softly:

"Do you know that in the increasing gloom your eyes are doubly alluring and I am yearning to let my soul sink into them like a dew-drop into the heart of a flower."

"And you," she returned, just as softly, "do you know that I wish I were a snowflake that could lightly touch your lips and perish in their warmth."

"I could almost forget that in place of a heart you have a glass bell that tinkles merrily and gayly," he said.

"And I could almost believe that in all the irregular phantasy of your fanciful musing there is one straight line on which is written: I love," she returned.

"But whom?" he queried.

"Not me," she answered quickly, where at they both burst into a laugh that seemed almost endless in its mirth.

Meanwhile it was getting darker and darker, the stars began to appear one by one and the moon showed clearly against the deepening sky. The trees took on more and more gigantic proportions in which the shadows were almost black. A hush fell over Nature as Night, slowly floating by, dropped her dark mantle over all. The stars twinkled clearer and clearer and the moon grew brighter and brighter. Suddenly he turned to her almost fiercely and said in low, intense tones: "I have felt, from the touch of your lips, that you have kissed others before me."

Looking at him with horrified eyes while her lips trembled with passion and grief she ejaculated: "And you?"

"What is past need not worry us," he answered quickly. "Yes, I have kissed others, but I have loved none, none. You are the only one whom I could love. But you must not play with me—I do not want that. I want your love or nothing."

Her eyes, warm and soft, rested on his face with a look of tenderness.

"Let us rather play," she said, "I am afraid."

But he grasped her arm with both hands and questioned, threatening and yet pleading: "Do you love me? Do you love me?" and read his answer in her glowing, love-lit eyes. His arms crept round her and their lips met again and again in hot passionate kisses.

At last she threw her head back and cried with a low, happy laugh: "This is only play, too, isn't it?"

But he shook her so severely that she cried with pain while he demanded fiercely: "Are you serious, or are you only playing? Are those kisses to mean what they have expressed, or are you a consummate actress! Answer me! Do you mean it or do you not mean it?"

"Your eyes are full of knives and they cut me to the quick. You are hurting me," she said in painful tones.

"That is what I want to do, until you tell me the truth."

For a while she stood irresolute while he watched her breathlessly, then she threw her arms around him and cried with a sob:

"I mean it, I mean it! But love me alone, do not give me any rivals! Let it be only me."

He bent his face radiant with a great joy close to hers and gently placing his hand on her cheek he whispered tenderly: "It is you, only you whom I dearly love, only you."

Just at this moment, Love, invisible, passed slowly by. It was not the little blindfolded god whom we are accustomed to see, but a beautiful woman, tall and majestic, with a countenance of ineffable indulgence and benignance. Her eyes rested on the young lovers with a gentle, mild look and she put forth her hand toward them as if in silent blessing. They, meanwhile, forgot all the world in the joy of belonging to each other.

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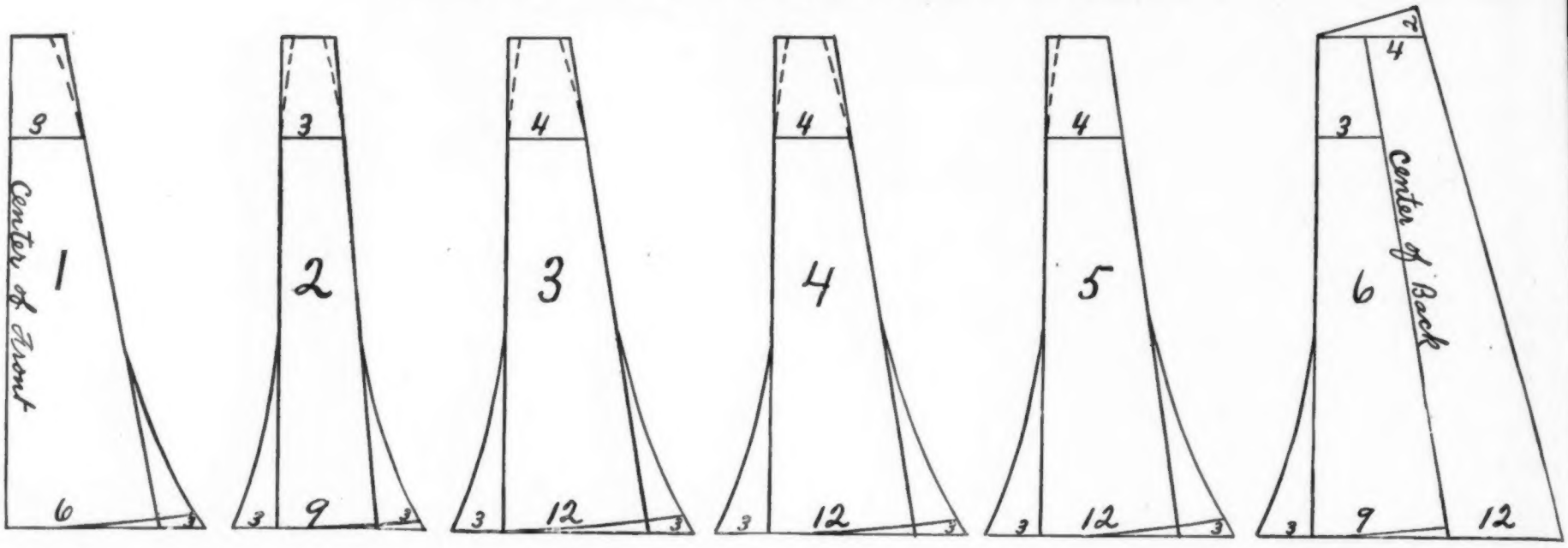
Eleven Gored, Flare Skirt



In giving this lesson we will use for our measures, waist 25; hip 42; front length 41; side length 42; back length 43. This skirt is cut with a flare in each seam. We simply draft a plain skirt and add the flare extra, as shown by the above cut.

A skirt with an inverted pleat is nothing more than a plain saddle-back skirt; the goods for the pleat is added extra and is not considered when you divide up the hip measure. These eleven gores are to cover the entire hip measure. Since we draft only half of the pattern we will need to cover one-half of 42, which is 21 inches. If we cover only half of the hip measure we will need but half of the 11 gores, which will be 5½ gores. Now, 5½ gores must measure 21 inches at the hip, not allowing anything for the pleat; this goods will be added extra, as we will show you when we draft it.

The first piece to draft is **No. 1;** this is half of the front gore and the straight edge marked "Center of Front" is to be laid on the fold of the goods and the gore cut double.

Use the edge of the paper next to you for the center of the front, draw line out at the top for the waist line and measure down 5 inches for the hip line and make a mark. Since we have so many gores in this skirt it will be necessary to make each of the gores quite narrow. We will make this piece 3 inches wide at the hip. Draw straight line three inches long. Next measure the length of the skirt from the waist line down the center of the front 41 inches. Draw a straight line across the bottom 6 inches long; draw a straight line from the end of this 6-inch line to the waist line, having it meet the hip line, as shown in the cut. This gives us the plain gore; to add the flare measure up about 15 or 20 inches from the bottom, on the bias seam, and make a mark; then measure out from the bias seam at the botton 3 inches and make a mark; now draw a line from the 15-inch mark to the 3-inch mark. This line can be either straight or curved, as you may desire. Measure from the waist line down the bias seam 41 inches and curve from the center of the gore, as shown on the cut.

No 2.—Measure back from the straight edge of the paper 3 inches and draw a straight line 41 inches, the length of the skirt; square out at the top for the waist line and measure down 5 inches for the hip line; make this gore three inches wide at the hip and three times as wide, or 9 inches, at the bottom. Draw straight line from the bottom to the waist line, having it join the hip line, as shown in the cut. Measure out from the straight line 3 inches and from the bias line 3 inches and make a mark, then measure up from the bottom 15 inches on both sides and add the flare the same as you did on the front. Measure down the bias seam 41 inches and curve from the center of the seam.

No. 3.—Measure back from the edge of the paper 3 inches and draw a straight line 41 inches long; square out at the top for the waist line and measure down 5 inches for the hip line; then draw this line 4 inches long. Square out at the bottom 3 times as wide as you made it at the hip; in this case make it 12 inches. Draw straight line from the waist line to the bottom, having it join the hip line. Add the flare by measuring out 3 inches on each side at the bottom and measure up each seam 15 inches and draw your lines. Measure from the waist line down the bias seam 42 inches and curve to the center of the gore.

Nos. 4 and 5.—Are drafted in the same way as No. 3 and they are the same size except that the straight seam of No. 4 should be 42 inches long to correspond with the bias edge of No. 3. No. 5 can be made exactly the same as No. 4.

No. 6.—To draft this piece measure in from the edge of the paper 3 inches and draw a straight line 42 inches long. Keep down from the top of the paper about 3 inches and draw a straight line for the waist. Measure down 5 inches and draw the hip line 3 inches long. Square out at the bottom 9 inches and draw straight line from this point to the waist, having it join the hip line. Measure out 3 inches from the straight seam and up 15 inches and add the flare. This gives us half the skirt and these 6 pieces will cover half the hip measure and reach from the center of the front to the center of the back. If you desire a pleat we must add extra goods to make the pleat. This is done by adding 4 inches at the waist line and 12 inches at the bottom. Be careful to extend this bias line up about 2 inches above the waist line and slope it back to the straight edge, as shown on the cut. Measure from the waist line down the center of the back 43 inches and curve back to center of the gore. Next fold the pattern on the line marked "Center of Back" and lay this fold edge so it will meet the bias edge—this forms the pleat. When you have the pleat folded in place, then cut the top of this gore off on the waist line, also at the bottom, on the curve line.

THE WAIST LINE.

These six pieces must cover half of the waist measure. One-half of 25 is 12½ inches. Measure Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 at the waist line and see what they will measure. Be careful in measuring No. 6; measure only from the straight line to the bias line marked "Center of Back." We will suppose these 6 pieces measured 16½ inches at the waist. Since we need only 12½ inches we will have the difference between 16½ and 12½, which is 4 inches, that we will have to take out in darts. These darts are taken out in the seams, as shown by the dotted lines on the cut.

The lines we have given you are the sewing lines; when you cut out the material allow for *all* seams. You have more or less flare by making it wider or narrower at the bottom. You can have the flare start as high up the seam as you desire.

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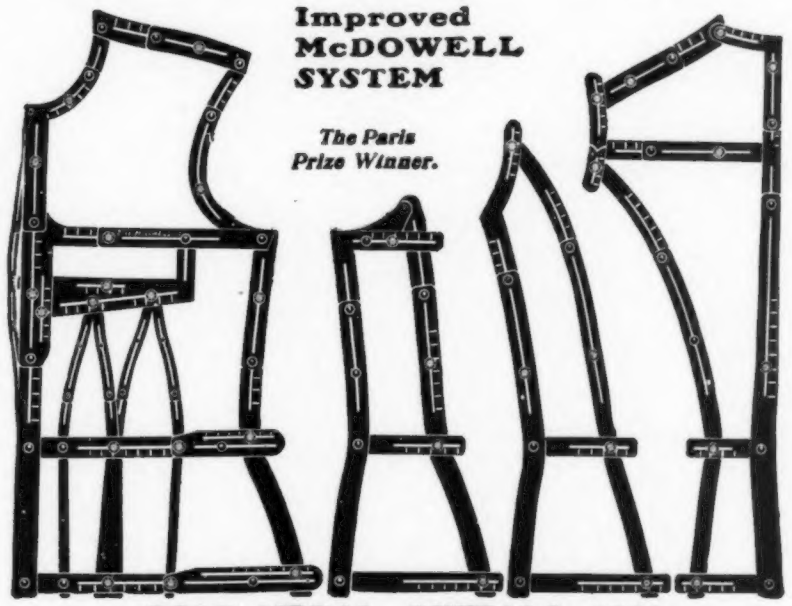

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